

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

THE BEST OF
AMERICAN LIFE
IN FICTION FACT
AND COMMENT

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Sary

The First Camp Fire Folks without ambition

"WELL, Sary, how long will it take us to get ready and pull out?"

The jaunty, twinkly-eyed little old man with the scraggly gray beard raised the tent flap and peered in at the wrinkly, black-eyed little old woman who was rolling out a thin cooky paste on the homemade table. At the sound of his voice the little woman started and looked round, rolling-pin in hand.

"Why, Al," she exclaimed, "I thought we was pitched here for the winter! Where ye want to pull out to?"

The old fellow laughed the merry, thin cackle of a Santa Claus. "Why, Sary, we've been here now close on to three months. I thought we'd try it over in the Bethel neighborhood awhile. We ain't never lived there yet."

As he babbled on in his cheerful high falsetto he drew a worn little leather bag from his pocket and, loosing the cord, pulled out a roll of bills. "There's my choppin' wages, Sary," he announced grandly. "I quit today."

His wife nodded, smiling. "I'm glad you did, Al," she said. "That work's too hard on ye."

"Well, no," boasted the little man jauntily, "I've kep' up with the best of 'em. Only this week the boss put me to swing a crosscut with a big husky fellow, an' it sure kep' me hoppin'. I ain't so young as I was once, Sary. But, heckadoodle, I sure made my buddy sweat jist the same!" he crowed boyishly. "Any feller holdin' up his end agin me, I shore always make him sweat."

"I 'spect you do true enough, Al," replied his wife blandly as she cut thin rounds from her cooky dough. If there were mild wifely irony in her words, it went unnoticed and her merry dark eyes showed a glow of tender, indulgent humor. "Well, Al, if you want to be pullin' on, there's no



The dogs



Behind the backs of the men the two women smiled at each other

FOUR CAMP FIRES TO BETHEL *By Gertrude West*

reason so far as I know why we can't be ready to start in the mornin'."

"That's the talk, Sary," Al Quillan showed his appreciation of her readiness. "After a feller makes up his mind to start it's shore worryin' to have to stay a-gettin' things together. I'll look up the ponies—they may have strayed off a piece—and tether 'em tonight so's to get an early start. Heah, Jowler! Heah, Big Enough! Come, let's find the hosses."

When he had trotted off into the shadows of the overhanging timber, with the two big spotted hounds trailing at his heels, the little woman shut her pan of cookies into the oven with a little sigh that was half regret and half anticipation. "I reckon that's the last meal I'll cook on a stove for a bit," she said aloud to herself. "Well, it's restful to live awhile with bedsteads and cookstoves like other folks, but it's still fun to pull. At our years it stands to reason we ought to be layin' by fer a home fer our old age, but Al's a traveler born, an' I've caught the fever from him. There ain't been a year since we was married that we've lived in the same place, and I 'spect we'll die a-pullin'."

The last rays of the sun fingering through the tent flaps found the little old lady bending over a big packing box. They touched the soft little crinkle in either side of her gray, smoothly-parted hair, the eager eyes,

the thin mouth that smiled in repose. "Seems like every time we pull it takes less time to pack," she said and chuckled. "I don't know if we've got less stuff each time or whether we jist get more practiced in storin' things away."

Already the cosy little tent was denuded. Dishes, cooking utensils, all the little home-keeping accessories that the little woman loved, were tucked out of sight in the two big dry-goods boxes that gaped in the middle of the floor. Two tin plates, two tea-cups and a frying pan sat on a soap box, left out to use in the morning. The table, the chairs, the stove and the bedstead were on the wagon.

Whistling gayly, with his eyes as eager as a boy's, the old man moved about outside. "We're all sot to pull out early," he called in to his busy wife. "I sure look for'ard to fine fall weather on this move. I'm jist itchin' to start. It ain't more'n four camp fires to Bethel."

There was still deep dusk in the little wooded hollow when on the following morning the drift of brush smoke and the good, keen smell of boiling coffee and frying bacon filled the clearing. It was the September of an early fall, and Sary wore a little checked shawl round her shoulders as she bent above the fire. Bud and Daisy, the ponies, were munching in their feed boxes,



Al

and Al's cracked soprano as he went singing about his work was the only sound in all the mornin'.

"Then it's heigh, boys, ho, to California go," he chanted buoyantly as he trotted to and from the spring with his water pail.

"Fer there's plenty of gold, so I've been told,
On the banks of the Sacra-mento."

The two ate their early breakfast standing—a nibble of bacon and bread, a draft of hot coffee. There was a vagrant spark of anticipation in both pairs of eyes, a wide flicker of expectancy. After fifty years of traveling the two happy vagabonds were as eager for the next move as two youngsters might be for their first holiday.

"If it jist wasn't fer leavin' the friends we've made here, Al!" said Sary a bit quaveringly as with the last of their property stowed away they climbed to the high wagon seat. "We've had clever neighbors here, and I hate to lose 'em."

"Tut, tut," chuckled the little man. "Ye always say that, Sary, but there'll be new friends to make over to Bethel. We've always had friends, Sary, wherever we've stopped, and there ain't nary place we've ever pitched but we could go back and welcome if we wanted to. Heah, Jowler! Heah, Big Enough! Go long, ponies!"

The white-topped wagon lurched and creaked.

The woman cast one half-wistful look back at the deserted camp, but the old man's sparkling eyes were set toward the road ahead. "Bethel or bust," he quavered with time-tarnished humor and then fell to singing once more his high, care-free carol:

"Fer there's plenty of gold, so I've been told,
On the banks of the Sacramento."

The travelers did not make camp at noon. Camp fires belonged to misty mornings and crisp dusks. So while



The fire

the horses were feeding Al and Sary sat in the wagon as was their custom and lunched on bread and bacon left from the morning meal and on cookies from the previous day's baking. They had stopped at a wayside country store and had purchased cheese, that zesty treat of their moving days—sharp yellow cheese that they munched with gusto.

It was warm in the drowsy midday sunshine with the languor of autumn. The leisurely road that the two old people had chosen uncurled through the timber, sombre, dull green woods not yet flaunting their full splendor save here and there the yellow flicker of a hickory sapling or the riotous blaze of early-turning maples.

Al's wrinkled hand swung a leisurely gesture toward the north as they ate. "There's a haze hangin' low back there, Sary," he said to his wife. "This time o' year that generally means a cold snap. I hope it holds off till we get to Bethel and get pitched."

"I hope so," agreed Sary, but neither evinced much concern. They had faced storms before in their stanch covered wagon and without discomfort. There had been always a friendly house to offer them a night's shelter or a steep creek bank to shelve protectingly above them and turn away the fury of the wind.

Through the afternoon as they jogged easily along a film of white cloud spread fan-shaped across the sky and grew to a gray, chilly-looking fold as the sun lowered into it.

"We've got to hunt cover, Sary, 'fore mornin', I'm afraid," Al remarked cheerfully. "Heckadoodle, if it don't look like snow!"

They left the timber toward evening and crept out on a bit of bleak flat that was the boundary line between wood and prairie country; and when they camped they were at the foot of a southern slope with a forlorn, weather-beaten house perched sombrely above them.

"If we need to borrow a roof, there 'tis," said Al genially.

Sary surveyed the old farmhouse critically. "It's a sad-lookin' place," she said regretfully, "as if the folks in it didn't have much ambition. There ain't even a yard fer flowers."

As the old couple busied themselves with their evening meal they saw little sign of life at the house. A lazy smoke curled from the chimney, and once a quavering hog call accented the melancholy note of the place; toward dusk a lean dog came nosing about the camp for scraps. At first Jowler and Big Enough bayed out fiercely at the intruder, but after a few sniffs at his mangy hide and protruding bones the two sleek hounds left him in fine scorn and returned to their slumber under the wagon.

With dark the sky came down murky black, and the two old people sat long about their cheerful fire. When at last they went to their rest a sharper chill had settled in the air; not the keen dry chill of the previous night, but a damp sneaking cold that made them shiver.

It was midnight when the storm broke with a hissing howl of wind that half twisted the wagon. Al and Sary, sitting up in consternation, felt the blast fanning round them as if they were shelterless. Shrinkingly Al poked his head outside.

"Heckadoodle, it sure is cold," he said, chattering, and crept back to Sary. "Wind's a-whippin' straight out o' the north, and it's beginning a cold drizzle. Bundle up in a quilt and we'll run up to that house an' ask to finish out the night there."

When the door of the ramshackle house opened reluctantly at the knocking of the two grotesquely-blanketed little figures it revealed a slouching youngish man with disheveled hair and moody eyes. Blinking into the shadows, he made out the two laughing, gayly-robed old travelers, and a half smile touched his sombre lips.

"Come in," he invited them, swinging back the door. "You're the campers at the foot of the slope, I take it. Well, it's a wild night to be out."

"It's a shame to wake ye," protested Sary gently as she warmed her shaking hands at the fire, "but at Al's age and mine rheumatism comes easy. Don't let us put ye to no trouble."

A woman came out of an inside room, smoothing her apron as she came—a youngish discontented-seeming woman who looked as if she might have been palely pretty before hot prairie winds had scorched her face to a leathery brown and tarnished her hair.

"It's a shame," reiterated Sary warmly,

DRAWINGS BY
HAROLD RICHEL



"to rout you out of bed in the middle of the night like this and spoil your rest."

The woman smiled faintly. "No," she said dully, "it isn't. It doesn't matter. You couldn't stay out in a storm like this."

She spread a bed on the floor for the old couple, but the room was full of the warm glow from the big fireplace, and the blankets were spread above a springy straw mattress that made deep hollows for old bones.

Al was snoring away like a small locomotive ten minutes after his head had touched the pillow, but Sary, roused by the storm and the flight and the howling wind outside, lay longer awake. She saw a dim glow from a night lamp in the inner room to which the farmer and his wife had retired, and now and then she heard the drowsy whimper of a dreaming child, and once a baby laugh in its sleep. "She's got a home to raise her little ones in," thought Sary with a gentle sigh for the past. "She ought to be happy, but she don't look happy; she looks sad."

In the morning the storm was still raging. Not much rain was falling, and not much had fallen in the night, but the clouds were dust yellow, and the shrieking wind was full of fine sharp sand.

"You'll not travel today," said the farmer with finality as he came in, rubbing his hands, to where Al sat lacing his shoes by the fireplace.

"Heckadoodle, is it as bad as that?" inquired Al. "We didn't figure on havin' to lay over. It's a shame to impose on you folks any longer."

"That's all right," said the farmer heartily. Already he liked the cheery little couple. They seemed to have brought an odd brightness into the sombre house.

Sary was already in the kitchen, helping with the breakfast and crooning over the smallest of the four children, but, though the slim young woman talked freely enough, she seemed still depressed and lifeless and went about her work with a drudging distaste that contrasted sharply with Sary's brisk and nimble steps.

The morning meal seemed flavored with the hostess's own sullen spirit. There were leathery eggs and dingy blue-black coffee and slices of fat pork in a platter of cooling grease. Sary, watching the disfavor with which the man of the house forked a dripping wedge of meat into his plate, grew a bit impatient with the colorless woman behind the coffee-pot. "She'll have a whole family o' ruined stomachs on her hands first thing she knows," thought Sary, disapprovingly. "They've got a-plenty if it was rightly cooked. Just pork and coffee fixed proper is

a meal fit fer a king, and the children ought to have good bread and butter."

Al ate manfully, but he made one comical wry face at Sary when neither host nor hostess was looking, only to go on politely plying his knife and fork when his wife frowned at him.

"I guess I'll husk out corn today," said the slouching farmer as they rose from the table. "It's snapped and piled in the barn, and the weather ain't fit to work outside. Sorry," he added, turning to Al, "I can't set by the fire and chin with you, but I've got to keep a-peggin'."

Al rose with alacrity. "I've got no wish to set by the fire myself," he declared. "Stoppin' this way on a pull always makes me restless. You just lead me to that corncrib. I can make a shuckin' hand myself."

Sary looked after them a bit wistfully. Marooned in the strange desolate house, she herself felt the need of activity, but the leathery-cheeked woman at the head of the table showed no inclination to rise and go about her duties. Instead she pushed aside her plate and folded idle arms upon the red-checked cloth.

When the children had finished their breakfast they scuttled into the front of the house, and an open door showed them at play on the floor before the fireplace. The two women had the untidy kitchen to themselves.

"It must be great," the farmer's wife said half to herself, "to be moving on to a new place and a new start."

Sary looked up sharply. "What's that?" she asked, a little startled at the turn of conversation.

"I say," repeated the woman, "it must be great to be able to pull up stakes and get out of a place where nothing will ever come to you but starvation."

Sary laughed softly. "Well," said she, "I don't hardly know. Al and me ain't never stopped long enough to have any stakes to pull."

The woman's eyes grew round. "You mean," she asked in astonishment, "that you keep moving all the time?"

"All the time," Sary replied and nodded briskly. "A year's our limit. We ain't never lived more'n a year in one place since we was married."

"Well, I never!" The woman gasped and eyed Sary with a kind of awe. "And here we've set on this no-account little farm all the twelve years we've been married. Horace—that's my husband—never would budge an inch from this place that was his father's. He says we've got a home and a place for the children here, and that's more than we'd have anywhere else. He keeps saying that if we stick here we'll get ahead some day, but I don't believe it. Sometimes I feel like I could go half crazy."

Sary looked at her shrewdly. "Lookie here," she said kindly but with a firm line in her thin cheery lips, "there ain't any place, stoppin' or movin', that's going to amount to much without you make the best of it."

The woman's chin dropped disconsolately into her cupped hands. "Well, if there's nothing to make the best of," she continued, "what then?"

"There's always something," contended Sary spiritedly.

"Well,"—a faint glint came into the woman's eyes,—"when we get away from here we can start over. Horace has given up at last. He hates to, but he says he'll go if I won't stay. It came to where I had to threaten to go without him."

At the woman's last remark her little visitor leaned suddenly toward her and pounded her small hand emphatically on the table. "Don't ye do it!" she charged her vehemently. "Don't ye force your man away

from this here little place; don't ye think of doing it unless ye want to be sorry!"

The woman fell back startled at her guest's vehemence, and Sary caught herself up with a little apologetic laugh. "I didn't mean to get so bossy," she excused herself quaintly, "but I couldn't see ye walkin' right into harder times than ye've ever seen before and not try to stop ye. There's two kinds of men, honey; they's movers and settlers, and one won't thrive rooted, and the other won't stand transplantin'. I know. I've got reason to know!"

"When I married at eighteen I thought I'd try makin' Al over, and I'll never forget that year before I give up the plan. He would have settled down because I asked it and have tried to be satisfied, but all his life long he'd have had a bitter taste in his mouth. We'd have lived somehow, but it would have been a struggle to the end of our days."

"So I give it up, and I've never quit bein' thankful that I did. I just made up my mind to make the best of things, and by and by I got to like movin' myself. Not the way Al does; it ain't meat and drink to me, but I like it plenty well enough."

"But the children?" inquired the woman. "When there's children you have to think of them."

Sary smiled blandly. "There was children," she answered. "Six; and it was hard enough, but I stuck to it they didn't miss nothin'. We schooled 'em and done fer 'em as we never could have done if we'd been settled. Fer if Al had been tied down to work in one place I don't believe he could have made a decent livin'. As it is we've done as well as most o' folks. The children's all settled now, married or in some chosen work of their own, and Al and me are alone again. I'm not repinin', but, if any woman's got a home and a man that's satisfied in it, there ain't no reason in the world why she shouldn't be contented too."

As Sary finished, the woman was nervously picking at a worn place in the red tablecloth, but she looked up with rebellious eyes to meet Sary's. "But I hate things here," she objected. "I was used to a little town, you know, shady streets and close neighbors. I despise this prairie!"

"Maybe so," agreed the older woman cheerfully. "Nobody knows how I hated the smoke from a camp fire 'fore I learned to like it. We've all got to do things we don't like, but"—even the valiant Sary hesitated—"but if you'd keep busy, do things up cosy round the house, have some flowers,—the children would love 'em,—take pride in your chickens and your cookin'. Even salt pork," Sary added slyly, "can be choice eatin' if it's dipped in flour and fried crisp; and coffee—I've got a receipt for the best coffee I ever tasted. Would you like me to show you how to make it?"

The storm blew itself out at dusk, but the clouds still threatened. All day the two women had been busy about the kitchen, and when the two men came in for supper there was a savory smell to meet them at the door.

Al's round face brightened. "Sary's took a hand with the cookin', I see," he said to himself and chuckled, but the younger man sniffed in a pleased, wondering way that was a bit pathetic.

Somewhat the meal passed in quite a different manner from the meal of the morning. The tall man ate with a vigorous enjoyment that delighted Sary's heart. The woman, though she was rather silent and thoughtful, had lost the droop of dejection from her lips, and her eyes had brightened.

Al and Sary were at their wagon early next morning; the little man was as impatient as a colt for the start. The prairie was all a white fog with the misty wheels of spider webs swinging from every bush.

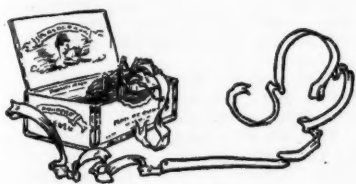
"It's a bit chill yet," remarked the little old man as he pattered about his team, "but chances are the fog will lift after sunup, an' we'll have a clear day. Anyhow we can't waste time layin' over any longer when there's no need. Winter'll be on us 'fore we git to Bethel."

They were in the wagon, ready for the day's journey, when the man and woman from the house came down the slope through the mist. In the still, clear morning the woman's face looked hopeful and serene. The man's eyes seemed suddenly boyish and eager.

It was the man that spoke. "You said yesterday you'd write me if there were good prospects for work in the Bethel neighborhood," he said to Al. "Well, you needn't bother. We'll be glad to hear from you any



time, but I won't be wanting a job, I guess. The woman says,"—his voice leaped over the commonplace words—"my wife says she thinks we'd better stay on here for a while."



JONESY, the bugler of Troop X, which was stationed in Arizona near the Mexican border, was catching tarantulas by the simple method of pouring water from a bucket down their holes until the big spiders, concluding that the rainy season had arrived at last, came forth rejoicing—only to suffer ignominious capture. Later they were to be preserved in alcohol and shipped north to Jonesy's home-staying friends as a pleasing memento of the country.

It was entertaining and mildly exciting to see the funny venomous creatures bob out of their holes, hesitate in the bright sunlight only to be flicked into a cigar box, there to wait until Jonesy later "pickled" them. Not every hole yielded a tenant—which added to the suspense; and not every ugly creature was captured—which added to the excitement; but the chase yielded fair results, and Jonesy, having secured three in as many new cigar boxes that the captain had given him, carefully pressed in the brads that held the covers and started back for camp.

It was July, and rain had not fallen for a year. The alkali dust was the plaything of every zephyr that blew—and there were many. The springs were drying up, and old Mother Earth, as the first sergeant remarked, was cracking open.

With his boxes under his arm Jonesy, smothered between the scorching sun above and the reflected glare of the bare earth beneath, crossed the parade ground and entered his tent, where he paused to glance at the thermometer and whistled softly. "One hundred and seven!" he murmured in awe.

Callahan, the stable sergeant, lying half asleep flat on his back, with his eyes closed and his mouth open, heard the whistle and looked listlessly across the tent in time to see Jonesy deposit his cigar boxes carefully beneath his cot; then the sergeant dozed off again.

Jonesy removed hat and putties and shoes and sprawled out on his cot in the same position as that of the half a dozen others of his tent mates and presently was asleep. Now Jonesy was something more than the bugler of the troop; he was also practical joker in chief. He was accused too of being the "old man's" pet, and there must have been some justification in the charge, else he would not have survived some of the pranks he played on his fellow troopers. But if he was the captain's pet, he was also the troop's, and, pest that he was, his diminutive size and disproportionate grin never failed to bring an answering smile either from officer or from Johnny.

Now he slept soundly until the captain's voice woke him. "Time for the afternoon drill. Sound the Assembly, Jones."

Jonesy sat up in his cot in time to see the commanding officer's form as he strolled listlessly back to his own tent. He hastily pulled on his shoes and strapped on his putties; then, clapping on his hat, he reached for his bugle and stepped out again into the torrid heat. He moistened parched lips and "sounded off" with a break in his high note that brought forth good-natured ridicule from his tent mates.

The troop rode forth that afternoon to a ranch that lay beside an artificial pond among gratefully green cottonwoods down the valley. There on a level plateau they went through the various formations of the drill as the sun sank gradually in the western mountains, and with the lengthening shadows the country took on its first signs of habitability.

Slater, the rancher, standing beside his wife and their little girl, had watched the drill. At the end while the troop was at rest the three came over to where the captain and Jonesy were. Jonesy was acting as the captain's orderly and was holding the two horses.

"Low as how we'd like to have you stay on to supper, captain," said the rancher hospitably as he came up.

It was not his first invitation nor the first time the captain had eaten at the ranch. The

Behind the backs of the men the two women smiled at each other.

"I'm mighty glad that you folks came," the younger woman said fervently.

JONESY'S TARANTULAS

By Edwin Cole

change of fare was agreeable, and the company of the homely couple and their child was more so to the lonely officer.

"Thank you; I should be glad to," answered the captain, frankly pleased.

"An' I want Jonesy to stay on," piped up the little girl.

The others laughed, and Jonesy grinned with embarrassment and pleasure; he and little Catharine had long been fast friends.

"Can you spare him from the troop?" Slater asked.

"Sure," answered the captain good-naturedly. "Jones and I are the only ones in the outfit who would never be missed."

The first sergeant rode off with the troop, and the captain sat with the rancher and his

"Sure, and I hope that you'll come again," said her husband with hearty sincerity.

Al nodded. "Same to you," he called cheerily. "Get up, ponies!" Then, as his spirits

rose with the creak of the wagon wheels, "Bethel or bust," he chirruped his old, old jest. "Trot along now, nags; heah, you pups. Three more camp fires to Bethel!"

to take much delight in sending occasional samples of what he might expect.

Hayden was on patrol when the mail arrived, and the package was laid on his cot. That noon when the sergeants entered the tent after mess they beheld a wonderful loaf cake with a glistening frosting, cut into generous slices, resting on the common table. Inserted in one corner was a bit of brown paper that bore the invitation, "Compliments of Sergeant Hayden."

The sergeants had descended upon the cake with whoops of joy. Whatever their misgivings, as Hayden was away on patrol, here was sufficient excuse not to heed them. When Hayden himself strode in, hot and dusty, several hours later, the troop was at drill. The

He inserted the blade of his knife under a lid. The other sergeants gathered about him.

"Me for the first grab," said one. "I reckon the first grab is mine," drawled Hayden in the tone of the country.

Back at the supper table at the ranch the captain had taken up the conversation where Slater had stopped. "That was a close squeak. Were you ever bitten by a tarantula?"

"No. Nor I don't want to be. I've seen those who have been, and it—ain't pleasant. They are sure champion high jumpers," the rancher went on. "No sign or motion and they come right at you like a flash."

Jonesy got suddenly to his feet; his face was white.

The captain stared at him. "What's the matter, Jones?" he demanded. "Haven't got one biting you, have you?"

"I—I feel kind o' sick, captain," stammered Jones. "Can I go back to camp?"

The captain's face wore a puzzled frown. "I don't want you to go," said little Catharine imperiously.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded the captain.

"If you're sick, you'd better not pound leather all the way to camp," remarked Slater.

Jonesy was desperate. "There's something I forgot to do," he explained, realizing too late that two excuses may be worse than none.

The captain looked him over sternly. "When you are with your captain, Jones," he said with ominous quiet, "there is only one thing you have to do, and that is to await orders."

Poor Jonesy sat down in his chair in disgrace. Then he thought of his tent mates and got up again. For all the pranks he had played on them there was not one whom he did not love as a brother. He remembered Hayden and the theft of his cake. Hayden would be sure to be up to something to "get even." "I've got to go, captain," he pleaded, and then he told about his captives.

"Take my horse and beat it as fast as you can. I'll follow on old Doughboy," said the captain with quick decision.

Jonesy had his saddle on Cyclone, the captain's horse, and the cinch tightened in less time than it takes to tell about it. The nervous animal fussed some over taking the bit, and Jonesy jammed it between his teeth in a way that made the animal rear. Then he was on his back and thundering down the road over the dam that made the pond and across the mesquite-sprinkled desert. Cyclone paid no attention to gopher holes and gullies. The thorns of the mesquite scratched him, unheeded. In a wild leap he cleared the low bars of a gateway in the wire fence that surrounded the ranch. He was living up to his name.

It was four miles to camp, and, although the desert flowed underfoot like a wide white stream, they seemed ten to poor Jonesy.

The sentry heard him thundering down the road to camp and turned out the guard, who barred his way at the entrance to the company street.

"It's me—Jones!" the little bugler shouted and, flinging himself from his horse, ran to his tent.

Hayden had the blade inserted under the lid of a cigar box and was gently prying for fear of breaking the steel. He and the other sergeants looked up at the sound of quick steps and beheld Jonesy in the doorway.

"Cheese it. Here's the little runt now!" cried Callahan. "Here's one box he won't get," he added, grabbing one of them. Another sergeant seized a second. Hayden tucked the one on which he was working under his arm and faced Jonesy with a grin of triumph.

"Don't open those boxes!" gasped Jonesy, out of breath.

"Oh, no, we won't open 'em," jeered Callahan. He made a show as if he were going to pry his open with his finger nails.



He had fooled these men so often . . . they thought that he was merely jesting

wife under the shade of a big cottonwood while Jonesy, accompanied by the little girl, led the horses to a near-by corral and removed saddles and bridles.

They all ate supper at one table; the captain waived discipline out of politeness to his hosts, who set a place for Jonesy as a matter of course. They were half through the meal when the remark was made that spoiled the evening for Jonesy.

Slater and the captain had been talking about duck shooting and were making tentative plans to try their luck some morning. "Last time I got out my shotgun," Slater drawled in the way of that country, "I near caught bigger game than I figured. Kate was sittin' on the floor playin' dolls, and I took the gun up from the corner and opened the breech to see what shape the barrel was in, when a big t'rangler dropped out of one of the barrels onto the floor. I was scared stiff for a minute an' didn't dare move, an' then Kate lit out one way, and the spider the other, an' I got it with the butt of the gun."

Jonesy slunk in the chair, and his face grew long; he had forgotten all about his capture. To be sure he had closed the lids of the boxes and had pressed down the brads that held them, but he knew that anything in the tent was common property, and moreover the memory of an incident of the evening before came to him with uncomfortable force.

Jonesy's tent mates were the sergeants of the troop—all except the first sergeant who lived in lonely state. They had suffered much at Jonesy's hands, and there had been some instances of retribution, but the little bugler had scored the latest point. The day previous a sizable package had come in on the buckboard mail addressed to Hayden, the first duty sergeant. It was not the first package of its kind that he had received. Far away up North was a young lady who some day would cook his meals and who now seemed



cake tin, the legend it bore and one piece of cake were all that was left. Slowly munching the cake, he picked up the note and scanned it. "Jonesy!" he said. "If I don't get even with that young runt!"

And it seemed that the time when he might "get even" had come the following evening when the captain and Jonesy were away at the ranch. The glories of an Arizona sunset had faded in the west. Myriads of stars swept down to the very horizon, and the revivifying coolness of night in the mountains had chased away the choking heat. The sergeants lay about on their cots discussing the events of the day.

"Mighty fine cake your girl makes, Hayden," said some one with a reminiscent sigh.

Hayden grunted. "I'll take your word for it," he said. And there was a laugh.

"That man Jones is a case," observed another.

"Kind of miss the little runt when he ain't around though," said a third.

"Uh-huh," agreed Hayden with dry sarcasm. "Think you would!" Which brought another laugh, for the reason of Hayden's apparent generosity had not long been left in doubt.

Callahan sat up suddenly in his cot. "That makes me think," he said with sudden interest, "I saw the runt hiding something under his cot today. Looked like a cigar box. Wonder what's in it?"

Hayden was on his feet at once. "If that kid's got anything, it's on me," he said. He knelt beside Jonesy's cot and peered under. Then he let out a shout of joy and brought out three brand-new cigar boxes.

"You know me, sarge," shouted one.

"Don't forget your side partner," said another.

Hayden deposited all three boxes under the lantern on the table and took out his jack-knife. "Feel kind of light," he said; "don't get your expectations up too high."

"There's tarantulas in 'em!" cried Jonesy. A general laugh greeted the remark. "You're sure it ain't rattlesnakes?" some one inquired. Jonesy was living up to his reputation as a practical joker.

"Some of you fellows had better hold him while I open this and see," suggested Hayden.

Other sergeants laid hands on Jonesy, who fought and struggled like a wildcat. "It's the truth!" he cried.

"We'll just look and see," said Hayden. He had taken up his knife again and was inserting it under the lid.

Jonesy fairly raved then. The world went red and then black. He had fooled these men so often that now when it was of supreme

importance that they should believe him they thought that he was merely jesting.

"What's the trouble here?" demanded a sharp voice at the door of the tent.

The men sprang to attention. It was the second lieutenant, the officer of the day. He looked from Jones to his captors and back again.

"They're opening my boxes," stammered Jones.

A glint of amusement softened the officer's expression. From the captain down the troop knew of Jonesy's propensities. Then too word of the joke that Jonesy had played on Hayden had made its way up to the officers' mess. Perhaps it was a fair reprisal that an officer should not interrupt. The lieutenant grinned.

"You are more generous with other men's goods than with your own, Jones," he observed and turned to go away in the laugh that followed.

"Lieutenant!" cried Jonesy in agony. "Those boxes have got tarantulas in them!" A louder laugh than ever went up. Jonesy was not above "putting one over" on an officer even, it seemed.

"If they are tarantulas, they'll appreciate a breath of air," retorted the officer dryly, not too well pleased at Jonesy's seeming pertness. "And another thing, Jones," he added, "it isn't good form or good for discipline to try to deceive an officer—even in fun."

"But it's—the truth!" panted Jonesy. "I hope that it is—for your sake," said the

lieutenant. He turned to Hayden. "You may open the box, sergeant, and you had better assume for the present that for once Jones is not joking."

With exaggerated caution Hayden loosened the brad and tipped back the lid of the box. Then he stepped quickly away. A monstrous hairy spider crouched in the bottom.

"Look out, they jump like a kangaroo!" warned some one.

There was the flash of Jonesy's bugle in the air, and it descended and crushed the life out of the venomous creature.

Then the little bugler sat weakly down on his cot, forgetting even the presence of the officer. "Fellers," he said with deep sincerity, "I'm through with this practical joking!"



THE "MAJOR SPORTS"

II. THE EIGHT-OARED CREW

By Ralph D. Paine



WE were swinging together, eight men as one, down the last mile of the long New London course, a fast Yale crew that had left Harvard far astern. With every stroke we were driving the slender shell to certain victory. Life has given me many adventures since then by land and sea, but none more thrilling, more profoundly satisfactory, than that climax of the weary months of endeavor to learn how to do one thing well. I had tasted also the bitterness of rowing on a beaten crew, and that was good for the heart of youth, to take it without whimpering and to hold yourself to blame, not the other fellow.

The difficult art of oarsmanship has not improved, and crews row no faster today than when I was swaying at a twelve-foot oar in the waist of the Yale boat. Rowing is no longer a sport for the chosen few, however, and you will find a dozen crews afloat, east and west, where one used to be in training. Rowing has ceased to be confined to three or four colleges. Schoolboys have learned to enjoy it and to hold regattas of their own.

For several reasons the sport can never be so popular as baseball or football. It is much less exciting for the spectators. The expense of equipment is large. Expert coaching is necessary and as a rule must be paid for. There are no gate receipts, and therefore rowing is unable to help pay its own way. To find a stretch of water suitable for practice and convenient to the campus is also a problem.

The lad who deftly handles a dory or a skiff in rough water is right in saying that he knows how to row, but he can have no idea of the vast difference between that and the task of urging a delicate shell at a speed of a mile in five minutes. It is no mere feat of muscle and endurance. Rowing of that kind requires a trained sense of rhythm and harmony and balance that makes it akin to music.

THE SHELL

Does this sound far-fetched? Then consider if you please what a crew is and what it has to work with. The cedar shell is more than sixty feet long and less than two feet wide. It sounds absurd to call it a boat. A magnified toothpick would have more stability in the water. The craft is so narrow and skittish that only the oar blades prevent it from upsetting. Eight men must keep the shell poised as if they were on a slack wire. If the boat rolls ever so little when in motion the effect is to throw the crew out of its stroke—the oar blades on one side are buried too deep, and the others scratch the water instead of gripping it. The skin of the shell is so thin, an eighth of an inch, that the lightest footstep would break through the bottom. This extraordinary boat is rigged with seats sliding to and fro on metal rollers and with long outriggers to increase the leverage of the oars and to utilize the strength of the men to the greatest possible advantage. In short, the racing shell is a machine, fragile yet strong enough for its needs and wonderfully ingenious.

Now, the total weight of the crew will be perhaps fourteen hundred pounds, almost three quarters of a ton, which is shifted back and forth on the sliding seats as many as thirty-six times a minute. It must be done with such infinite care, in perfect unison, that the sensitive shell will not feel the shock and so be checked as it runs between strokes. Therefore every stroke must combine the utmost deliberation with the lightning heave and swing when the power is applied to the

oar with shoulders and back. Then comes the thrust with the legs that carries it through to the finish.

It is hard enough to do all this in practice. The novice feels helpless as he flops and splashes in the vain attempt to grab the water with an oar that bangs him in the chest or wildly waves in the air. Week after week and month after month the coaches labor daily to perfect this detail or that—the hard, quick catch that anchors the blade in the water, the turn of the wrist that rolls the oar out smoothly at the end of the stroke, the cautious halting of the slides as the strong bodies swing forward on the recovery.

Details? Scores of them! I am tempted to call rowing not a sport but one of the exact sciences. There were fifty odd things that one could do wrong in pulling a single stroke when I was number four on the Yale crew. After three years of scolding so severe and incessant that my feelings were deeply hurt, I was still committing most of those faults. When the crew was supposed to be resting between spells of work on the river at New London, Bob Cook, the great head coach, used to take me out for an extra course of instruction in a pair-oared tub. He would spend hours in showing me how to master some elusive trick of oarsmanship. It might appear to be a trifle, but, as he said, to gain an inch on a stroke perhaps meant winning the race at the end of four miles.

Sound doctrine that, in any scheme of education! To be thorough, to take infinite pains to learn the job, is the surest road to success. Alas! youth is more than ever under the delusion that short cuts and a smattering of things will speed them toward the goal. Rowing on a university crew would knock such stupid nonsense out of their heads.

To remember the essentials of oarsmanship in the cruel stress of the race—that is when



The winning Yale crew of 1892. The author is number four man, counting from the bow

Mr. Paine will be remembered by Companion readers as the author of entertaining serials. He is an old collegiate oarsman who has kept in touch with his favorite sport.

the young man is tested. In a crew there are no individual heroes, no star performers, as on the college playing fields. To score the winning touchdown by a brilliant run through a broken field or to hit the home run that decides the game, with the grand stands cheering madly, is glory denied the oarsman. Those eight men are unselfishly bent on one purpose;

they have become parts of the same intricate mechanism. Duty is the compelling motive. The motto is one for all and all for one. In a noble sense they have learned the real meaning of *esprit de corps*. No athletic ordeal is so severe as the four-mile race. There is no respite, no breathing spell. The last ounce of courage and endurance is demanded, and yet into the final spurt must be flung the reserve power that a man does not realize is in him. That is what wins.

And always he must hold in mind the lessons so arduously learned, to row in good form, to pull his own oar as best he knows how and to keep in perfect accord with the seven other men. He must do it when every muscle aches, when the laboring lungs gasp for more air, when the head swims with fatigue and when it seems impossible to row the next stroke through and the remorseless tyrant of a coxswain is yelling:

"Give her ten good ones for the three-mile flag! Now lick into it, you lobsters! Up—up—yip—yip! One—two—Three—Four! You're behind, number three! Slow-w on your slides!"

To let down, to yield to the temptation to go as you please, to forget for a moment all those complicated elements of style and form, is to spoil the work of the other men, to be guilty of treason to those faithful comrades. When a crew goes to pieces in a race it is usually because one or two men have quit under the strain. They could not "stand the gaff."

A young man cannot cherish a bump of self-esteem and be loyal to the crew. The

companionship of the training table soon leads him to comprehend that the cause is everything. If he fails to discover it for himself, he is a misfit in a crew squad. I learned it as early as freshman year when I was fortunate enough to be selected for the university eight. It was unconsciously absorbed, a tradition and a heritage from earlier generations of Yale rowing men.

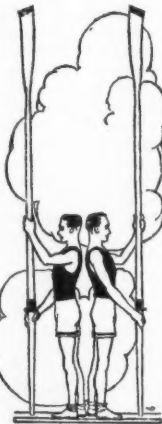
We were an uncommonly powerful crew in weight and muscle, but in the boat we lacked that consistent harmony of action which stamps the finished product. In the race with Harvard we were soundly whipped. For us it was a most melancholy procession. In that era the athletic prestige of Yale was so high that defeat was like disgrace. In gloomy silence we paddled the shell home to the boathouse at Gales Ferry and then blubbered in a row like the big broken-hearted boys that we were. To this day it comforts me that I told Bob Cook that it was all my fault, that the clumsy, useless freshman at number four had lost the race for Yale.

This is the reason for referring to that tragic episode in my young life. The spirit of the crew had taught every man to feel the burden of his own responsibility. There was no such thing as passing it along to the coach or finding fault with the system he taught. We were a bad crew, and therefore we lost. The same feeling was evoked three years later when, unluckily, I had grown a bit too big and heavy to fit into the tempo and unison of the crew. Quite properly I was removed from the boat only a week before the Harvard race. It was a tremendous grief and disappointment; yet there was the stanch belief that it was serving Yale and the crew to give place to a better man.

WHEN THE OAR BROKE

Now and then that fine tradition of devotion and sacrifice had a comic aspect. The class races were held on Lake Saltonstall, the wooded shores of which were like a wilderness. In a hard-fought race the bow oar of one of the eights broke his oar shortly after the start. He was a greenhorn, but his duty in such a crisis, as he had heard it from others, was to jump overboard and so lighten the boat of his useless weight. In some miraculous manner he dived from the shell and went under long enough to escape having his brains knocked out by one of the heavy oars of the starboard side. He came to the surface astern of the shell, and the race swept on without heeding him. No launch followed the contestants. Therefore the derelict oarsman was left alone to struggle ashore far up a primeval stretch of the lake. He had stripped off his jersey before the race and was clad only in woolen socks and a very scanty pair of trunks.

Swimming bravely and puffing like a porpoise, he floundered to the nearest bank and plunged into the underbrush. It was a long journey to the foot of the lake for a young man wearing almost no clothes at all. He suffered martyrdom at every step, for the woodland was thick with briars and brambles and swamps where the saw-toothed grass pricked like Mexican spurs. Likewise there were clouds of hungry flies and mosquitoes. Amid such torments the unhappy oarsman made his slow and painful way to the foot of the lake. The race was over. The crowd had gone home when he pranced into the open and was welcomed by his comrades, who were loading the shell upon a truck. He was scratched until he looked like a map done in red ink, and his temper was ruined.



"Did we win?" he demanded eagerly while he rubbed his lacerated legs.

"By a length, you poor old ass," was the cheerful response. "We won with seven men. We thought you were drowned."

"Never mind that," grunted the martyr, and a blissful grin wiped away all traces of woe. "I'm glad I jumped, but, take it from me, I picked a rotten place to do that little stunt."

The classic instance of jumping from a shell, which had inspired our heroic young man, had occurred in a race between Yale and the Atlanta Boat Club of New York, which at that time held the amateur club championship of the United States. The crew was anxious to meet the best college eight and was confident of defeating it. The race was rowed over the four-mile course in New Haven Harbor.

In the third mile the Yale stroke and captain broke his oar and promptly leaped from the shell. Behind him at number seven was a freshman, Sherwood Ives, untried in a race. Unfurling and as steady as a clock, the youngster set the stroke and picked up the pace for the six other men and fairly made them lift the shell in a magnificently sustained sprint for the finish. They won the race with impressive ease and humbled the Atlanta colors. It was a deed that is still illustrious in the rowing annals at New Haven.

More than twenty years after we had last sat in a shell together I chanced to meet the stroke oar of a Yale crew that we had helped pull to victory at New London. As if it were but yesterday we fell to talking of those training seasons, six months of patient drudgery for the crowded moments of a race, and of what the experience had meant to us in later life. They had called this a great crew, and so it is still regarded in Yale rowing history. The stroke oar and I were wondering, while we chatted, why this particular eight should have been so distinguished for form and speed. Physically the men were not a remarkable lot, but they had been welded into a harmonious unit that adverse conditions could not break. In rough water or smooth, whether in the lead or making a stern chase of it, they had always maintained this perfect interplay of effort, together with the will to win.

"I could feel that every time I swung up on the oar," said this veteran stroke. "It makes my blood tingle after all these years. It's not boasting to say we were good! Every one of you fellows was taking his share of the load from me. Why, that shell moved as if it were alive! Do you remember that last four-mile trial against the watch when we rowed upstream in the dusk? We passed the last flag, going faster than when we started! Tired? Yes, but we didn't feel it. Man, we were just playing with that shell. The coaches didn't have to tell us how fast we had rowed the course. We knew we had Harvard licked! And it was because we were keeping precisely together, blades and slides, shoulders and hands, and the long easy swoop to catch hold of the water. Strange, isn't it, that only a few crews get the secret of this intimate coordination?"

"It is a riddle that baffles the coaches," said I, "a question of temperament perhaps. One thing is certain, men who quarrel among themselves or who dislike the hard work can never make a smoothly rowing crew. Tell me this, has it been worth all the time and labor it cost you in college?"

"It taught me a few of the things that are most worth while," replied the stroke oar. "When you think you are whipped there is always another kick in you. And the man who works only for his own advantage is pretty sure to make a mess of life."

"I hope my own boys have a chance to learn some of these things at the end of an oar," said I.

Here you have the essential qualities of a first-class crew. You will hear various styles of rowing discussed, the long body swing of the English stroke, the shortened swing and terrific leg drive of Cornell as the late Charles Courtney taught it with such brilliant success, or the departed school of Bob Cook at Yale. More and more, however, American college oarsmen are rowing according to the same general principles that have survived the ordeals of countless races. The differences among them have ceased to be fundamental. It has been a development of generations, a kind of science, as I say, because it pertains to the most efficient application of power with an oar as a lever and the outrigger as a fulcrum.

Mathematicians have covered reams of paper with formulae and diagrams to prove

that this system or that employs the greatest amount of physical power with the least waste of effort. After all, however, the one vital doctrine is to "swing, swing together," as runs the refrain of the old Eton boating song. That is what the coaches strive to attain beyond all else, that mystery of rhythm, that concert of exertion, which appears so easy to the onlooker and which is so immensely difficult to attain.

Seldom can an oarsman be made really proficient in the first year of training. More time is required to make the muscles instantly obedient and the mind responsive, to feel the shell and to know its moods. Then, if you can keep the same set of men together as an eight for two or three seasons, the result will bring tears of joy to the eyes of the most cynical coach.

The English crews that row at Henley or on the four-mile course between Putney and Mortlake have often beaten the American college eights sent over to race them. Now the style or form of these Oxford and Cambridge oarsmen is no better than that of our own American crews. On the contrary it is worse; because American ingenuity and inventive talent have improved on the English stroke. These English cousins, however, enjoy their rowing as a national pastime. They learn it in the preparatory schools. After they leave the universities they often keep it up into middle age. The result is that a crack English eight is composed of seasoned men of long racing experience who have rowed together or have been taught exactly the same system. To take a raw freshman such as I was and hammer him into the semblance of a university oarsman in one year would be unheard of on the English Thames.

The most famous American eight of this generation was that of the Naval Academy at Annapolis which defeated all rivals in this country and won its supreme laurels in the regatta of the Olympic games on a course in Belgium. The coach, Richard Glendon, was rarely competent, but he enjoyed the good fortune of having an eight almost unbroken for four years. To those splendid midshipmen rowing became like an instinct; they had the perfection of a symphony orchestra.

So great has been the increase of interest in this admirable sport that at Yale or Harvard you will find thirty or forty eights on the river on a pleasant afternoon of spring or autumn instead of the solitary university and freshmen eights of the days of my youth. If it were all difficulty and drudgery, you would not see so many fine young men eager to learn the art of the oar. They are finding the compensations for themselves.

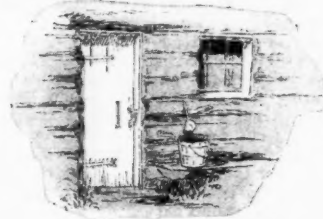
To those who have the pluck and aptitude to win a seat in the university shell there comes a day when the surface of the river is like a burnished mirror. Eight sun-browned backs swing up as one. The blades grip the water without a splash. The shell moves with a swift and buoyant stride, running true and steady on its keel. The dripping blades are flicked out. Slow, slower, move the slides to make ready for the next stroke. The little coxswain bobs in silence with the tiller lines in his fists. For once he has no abusive comments to offer. The crew has found itself! It is no longer a boatload of individuals. The coach permits his stern features to relax. This is the day for which

he has hoped and toiled. He shouts through a megaphone from the bow of his swift launch:

"Well done, boys! You've got it! Now for heaven's sake, keep it! Let 'em go, coxswain, and pick up the second eight for a race to the next mile flag! This begins to look something like a crew!"

Ah, that is the precious reward, to find that there is nothing finer in life than work well done. Perhaps I am biased in favor of

SARITA AND THE LATCHSTRING By Mabel Nelson Thurston



The old rawhide latchstring of pioneer days

SOMETHING was wrong, terribly wrong. For fully six months Janey Welsh and Jim Peters had agreed unanimously that of all the forms of amusement they knew nothing could compare in absorbing interest with investigating bungalows, especially new bungalows, waiting for all the extremely pleasant first things: the first dinner on the spotless gas range, the first fire in the tiny pocket fireplace, the first guest at the door.

For six months they had been exploring an enchanted world. They had walked miles of bungalow streets, had examined houses without number, had spent hours discussing the relative advantages of houses in the Aslop district, which were a little difficult to get to, the new bungalows on Adams Street, which were much more convenient but which unfortunately lacked closet space, and finally the three houses on Linden Terrace, which were about halfway between in the matter of convenience and had wonderful trees in front. And now here was Jim, shining with anticipation, producing out of thin air, as it were, a brand-new and hitherto undiscovered row of bungalows close at hand with fascinating Dutch doors and diamond-paned windows; and here was Janey looking at them with eyes that might have been staring down Seventh Street for all her apparent interest in them—Janey who had admitted only three days before that if there was one thing she really craved it was little windows with diamond panes!

Jim's honest blue eyes were full of bewilderment. "Janey," he demanded, "what is the matter? Has anything happened?"

And then he was frightened.

Janey, whom he had seen meet all kinds of hard things without a quiver, dropped down on the steps in front of the Dutch door and began to cry—not tempestuously, but steadily and wearily, as if she were tired out.

rowing as the best of all school and college sports. The purpose of the athletics of the campus is not to draw vast crowds to a bowl or a stadium or to advertise the prowess of this player and that. Athletics have no part in any scheme of education unless they help to teach young men how to live worthily. Rowing does that, in my opinion, unhampered by the notoriety and the taint of the professional spirit, which it is so difficult to check in the more popular kinds of sport.

The little street was quite empty. Jim put his arm round her and drew her close. When still wearily she buried her face against his coat his worry vanished. So long as there was nothing between them Jim was quite ready to face with a laugh whatever trouble there might be. He smoothed the soft brown hair with tender fingers. "What is it, dear?" he pleaded. "Tell me; you'll feel better."

Janey's head was already up. She gave a last vigorous rub to her reddened eyelids and straightened indignantly. "I didn't think I was going to be such a goose. And right before such pretty bungalows! I'm so ashamed! You've really got a key? Oh, let's go in; I'll promise not to misbehave any more. I'm all right now, truly I am."

"You may be all right," Jim retorted gruffly, "but you aren't playing fair."

Janey looked at him in astonishment.

"That's what I said," he continued. "If anything were bothering me and I didn't tell you about it, what would you think of me?"

"But that's different," Janey argued.

"Different, nothing," Jim retorted.

"But, Jim, it is," Janey's voice was anxious. "Anything that might be bothering you would be just about you, and I'd have a right to know it. But with me there's all my family. A girl hasn't any right to pile all her family troubles on anyone else's shoulders."

"That's precisely it," replied Jim. "I'm not 'anyone else.' Therefore I'm not to be treated like anyone else." He drew a key from his pocket. "Not a step do you go in, young lady," he said, "till this matter is settled."

Janey drew a long breath and surrendered. After all it was such an unspeakable comfort to have a Jim who gave orders like this. "It's—it's Sarita," she said.

"What about Sarita?"

"It's—O Jim, you promise you won't blame her?" Janey's eyes showed plainly that there were things on which not even Jim could force a compromise.

"What do you take me for, Janey? Sarita's nothing but a kid; you don't blame kids for things. Besides, I'm as fond of her as if she were my own sister. Out with it, dear; what's the matter with Sarita?"

Janey smiled gratefully. But it was not easy to talk to anyone about the little sister. Deep in her heart Janey had to acknowledge that they had all spoiled Sarita. But Sarita was such a little beauty with her saucy, sparkling face and shimmering mist of hair.

"You see, it isn't strange," she said. "I always knew things would be hard for Sarita; she's so pretty, you know. But she's ma's and daddy's daughter, and I was sure she never could get away from that—"

"To say nothing of having you for a sister," Jim added.

"But lately—oh, I know it's that crowd at the store, especially Laura Jenkins! If there was any way of getting her away! They're changing her so, Jim! Of course I know it's pretty crowded at home with Aunt Hetty there this winter, but what could we do? She didn't have a place in the world to go. What's a little crowding compared with shutting out an old aunt like her? Why, I couldn't sleep nights if we had turned Aunt Hetty away. And she's such nice company for granny and all. It wasn't hard at first. Sarita fussed a little, but she really took it for granted as much as the rest of us till one day she happened to say something about her family to Laura, and Laura asked how many there were, and Sarita said nine. And then Laura got inquisitive and found out that it included granny and Aunt Hetty, and evidently Laura laughed at us. That wouldn't have been so bad, but she put it into Sarita's head that poor old Aunt Hetty was cutting us out of

"Ma!" she cried imperatively. "Ma! I've brought Rosa Sofinsky home with me!"

DRAWN BY W. F. STECHER



all sorts of things. As if we ever noticed the difference in what she ate! And that's when Sarita began being not nice to ma. It's hurting ma so, Jim; it seems as if I just couldn't bear it!"

Janey gripped her damp handkerchief firmly; she wasn't going to cry again.

Jim helped her out. "And then I suppose when your mother took that McGuffy youngster—"

Janey nodded. "Sarita went right up in the air. In all her life she never talked so to ma. I wouldn't have believed Sarita could! Why, Jim, just think, when poor Mrs. McGuffy has to be in the hospital six weeks at least and not a soul to leave that baby with! Of course he's some care, but he's a darling, and we all just love him. Even Dan has a frolic with him every night, and the twins adore him. Flossy is learning to take most of the care of him, and it's a splendid thing for her. As ma says, it's most equal to a course in home nursing and doesn't cost a cent for lessons. Sarita would never in the world have flown up so if that Laura Jenkins hadn't made fun of us. And Sarita's only sixteen, not old enough to know people yet. O Jim, what can we do? It's making us so unhappy!"

"Do? Exactly what you are doing! Go on believing that Sarita will come out all right. She isn't anybody's fool, Sarita isn't. She'll see through that crowd one of these days, and when she does, good-by Laura!"

Janey sighed gratefully. "O Jim, you're such a comfort! And I feel heaps better. I don't know what in the world made me act like that. Where's the key? I can't wait to see inside. And, oh, look, Jim!" Janey was resolutely determined to make up for her failure. "Do see that adorable little crisscross brick walk running down the side. O Jim, if this were to be the one!"

Jim handed her the key. They went up the brick steps together, and Janey opened the door. They stepped into a living room that even without a fire suggested home, for there were wide window seats under the diamond-paned windows and low built-in bookcases on either side of the fireplace and wide, inviting china closets.

"O Jim!" Janey breathed.

Jim looked about with calculating eyes. He was quite as captivated as Janey, but even if he had not been the note in Janey's voice would have won him over. "The bookcases might prove a bit embarrassing at first," he suggested. "How many books do you possess? Seven? I suppose I might be able to scratch up a score—"

"Jim Peters!" Janey retorted indignantly. "When you know I have all my schoolbooks and the ones I began buying once a month before granny came, and there seemed to be so many other things. Besides, I'd put curtains over the shelves, and I wouldn't want them cram-full at first. I'd want room to grow into."

"And anyway," Jim supplemented, "we probably shouldn't use them for books."

"Not use them for books! What in the world are you talking about?"

"Oh, we'd start to all right," Jim explained gravely, "but, you see, I'm not forgetting that you're your mother's daughter, and that all the stray old ladies, to say nothing of babies, within a radius of ten miles will probably find a way to your door. My idea is that we might contrive some sort of folding-bed arrangement—extension shelves or something of that kind under the curtains. Then they could be tucked away in layers nights—"

"O Jim!" Janey cried.

It was an enchanted hour that followed. Of course there was no hope of their being able to rent such a bungalow at first. But it might be their second one after Jim got an increase in salary. It was such fun pretending.

When Jim left Janey at her house the little cloud had entirely vanished. Still walking in a world made up of Dutch-doored bungalows and crisscross brick walks, Janey opened the door. From the dining room beyond a high, excited girlish voice met her, and in a breath Janey's magic world disappeared. She hurried down the hall. Not all the family were at home, only ma and the two old ladies and the twins and the McGuffy baby. In the midst of them stood Sarita. In her anger Sarita's beauty was vivid.

"There isn't a girl I know that lives the way we do!" she was storming. "A whole raft of us under one another's feet all the time, never any chance to entertain any company anyway and then to take in a baby! I've just about come to the end of it, that's all. I'm earning enough to support myself; I'll go and board somewhere. Then you can have room for your baby and be satisfied!"

For a moment a stunned silence filled the

shabby, crowded, homelike room. To think of a Welsh boarding somewhere else! Ma's voice trembled. "Why, honey, it's only for a little while. Buddy's mother will be out in five weeks now. Anyone could put up with a little crowding for five weeks. Why, you'd be the first to say so; you know you would!"

"No, I wouldn't!" Sarita's lovely little face set in unlovely obstinacy. "And if it isn't a baby, it's some one else. It's always some one in this family! You'd think you'd have some rights when you're earning, but you haven't. You'd have more if you were a beggar at the door. I've just made up my mind it's going to end. If that baby's here Monday night, I'm going. I'm going where I can have a room to myself and a place to entertain friends."

"But, Sarita—"

"There isn't any 'but,'" Sarita declared. "I've said it, and I'm going to stand by it." And the pretty, angry little figure dashed tempestuously upstairs.

"My, S'rita's mad!" Flossy cried.

Ma turned upon her sharply. "Flossy Welsh," she cried, "you take Buddy out for his airing! I don't know what you're doing, hanging round when you know it's time for him to be out. See that his hands keep covered too. And, Benny, you march round to Motta's for those shoes pa left to be half-soled and don't take all afternoon about it."

The twins scampered off good-naturedly. Ma's scolding did not deceive them. Left alone, the four older people looked at one another.

"I feel as if I ought to go, Em'ly," Aunt Hetty said tremulously. "I know how you feel, but 'tain't natural for young folks to want old folks round—"

"That's just the trouble with 'em," granny interrupted. "Little whippersnappers tryin' to boss all creation! I was just like her when I was her age." Her voice changed from reprobation to approbation with a delighted chuckle. Such a small matter as a change of base never troubled granny!

Ma's eyes and Janey's met in a long, agonizing look. For Sarita to leave home!

"She's always had some one in her room," ma reasoned; "first you and then Flossy. I don't know what's come over her."

"I suppose," Janey conceded slowly, "she has a right to a room of her own just as much as I have, now she's earning." Janey's smooth forehead puckered over the problem. "I suppose I could take Flossy," she said.

"But, Janey, you can't. You've got the baby."

"But that's only for a few weeks. I don't mind that a bit. And I've had my room to myself for five years. It's Sarita's turn, ma." "You'd ought to have it to yourself, the way you help," ma asserted.

"I don't see as that has anything to do with it. I'd pay anyway. And Sarita's never had a room of her own to fix up. I guess I'd rather have Sarita stay home than have the loveliest room in the world, ma! Besides,"—and a soft color swept Janey's face,— "it won't be so very long—"

They discussed the matter for an hour, and finally ma yielded.

"But Sarita isn't to know a word till Monday night," she ordered. "I believe she'll come round by then if we don't push her, Janey. I just can't doubt it."

"I can't either," Janey affirmed, though deep in her heart she was afraid.

The next four days were hard for all the family. Sarita was in a difficult mood or rather in a succession of difficult moods. She was pert, haughty, silent, mocking and obstinate by turns and even all at once. And to make matters worse Buddy chose Sunday on which to be unpleasantly ill. Sarita ostentatiously walked out after breakfast and did not reappear until evening, when she went up to her room without a word.

Ma and Janey exchanged troubled glances. "I suppose Buddy has settled it," ma said.

"There's still one more day," Janey said. "Lots of things can happen in a day, ma."

"Of course there can," ma responded, brightening pluckily. "Tomorrow night likely as not we'll all be laughing at the way we've been worrying. I feel in my bones it's going to come out right, Janey."

But the next morning the outlook was dubious. Beyond a brief reminder that the matter was to be settled that night Sarita contributed nothing to the conversation. And she went off, as she had gone for the past five days, without saying good-by to anyone. The Welshes were not given to showy sentiment, but they were in the habit of calling good-by from the hall, and both ma and Janey felt the omission keenly.

When Janey was ready to go she ran back to pat ma's shoulder and issue a last order.

"You're not to worry one moment, ma. Truly I shan't mind. And I'll get Sarita something pretty to start her room with, fresh curtains or a picture or something. So promise, ma."

"Who's worrying? You promise yourself, Janey Welsh!" ma retorted with spirit.

The day seemed endless to Janey. Usually her days flew by quickly enough, but this time it seemed that five o'clock would never come; and when finally it came it seemed that the cars had never been so crowded or stopped so many times. When she reached the tailor shop at the corner and looked down the familiar street to the house she wanted to run to it. Then with her hand on the door it seemed as if she could not open it.

After all nothing had happened. Sarita had not yet returned. Janey felt a lump climb into her throat. It wasn't sharing her room that bothered her; it was that Sarita could carry out her threat, that Sarita could even think of leaving home.

They were out in the kitchen, Janey and ma, trying to joke over the supper getting as usual, when Sarita burst tumultuously into the room. Her lovely face was blazing. "Ma!" she cried imperatively. "Ma! I've brought Rosa Sofinsky home with me. She's going to stay till she gets a job. I'll find her one this week. She's that new bundle wrapper I told you about. Old Briggs has been mean to her from the first. Oh, she is slow of course, but that's because she doesn't know much English yet. She's bright enough. She'd have been all right if it hadn't been for Laura Jenkins's meanness. She thought it was fun to tease her

so's to make her blunder. I just told Laura what I thought of her, that it was right down yellow to treat anyone like that! I'm done with Laura Jenkins! There are plenty of other girls in the world! I don't have to eat out of her hand! I'll take Rosa right upstairs; I know Janey won't mind taking Flossy in for a few nights. Rosa's all alone; her sister died last month. She's been crying; she said my people wouldn't take her in. I told her she just didn't know my family!"

Without waiting for an answer Sarita flashed into the hall. They could hear the two voices out there. In the kitchen ma and Janey looked at each other. They were so absorbed that they did not even hear footsteps till Jim stood smiling in the doorway.

"What's happened?" he inquired. "Look as if you'd come into a fortune, you two!"

Janey ran to him. "O Jim,—Sarita,—it's all right!"

"Why, of course it's all right. Didn't I tell you it was bound to be? Why don't you tell me I look as if I'd come into a fortune?"

"O Jim! What is it?"

"Stepped up fifteen a week. Now what do you think about bungalows, Miss Welsh?"

"Well, Jim Peters! Flossy, put on two extra plates," ma called. "Isn't it lucky I made a cake today? And we'll open some grape juice. We'll have a real celebration!"

Jim did not hear. He and Janey were looking at each other with shining eyes.

It seemed to Janey that she could not hold her joy. They were going to have their little bungalow, and Sarita had come home.

THE CHIMERA OF WITTEE LAKE

By Archibald Rutledge



The shark passed over him

DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN

CHAPTER FOUR. THE STRANGE SHIP AGAIN

ON the morning following our visit to the stranded Western Wave I had a frank talk with Mobile about his going with us to Wittee Lake. I explained as best I could the nature of the situation and said I did not want him to go unless he were perfectly willing.

"I will go," said Mobile simply. "Jesse Melon," he added, "is one of my best friends. And I always like to stand by you, cap'n."

On our late arrival from the scene of the wreck the night before I had dispatched a note to the Coast Guard station reporting the unaccountable beaching of the Western Wave. But the station was nearly twenty miles down the coast, and I had been obliged to send the message by a rider; moreover, the rider was a negro on a mule, so that I could not expect the message to be delivered speedily, important though it was.

Partly because we were preparing to take a trip of a week,—which necessitated a good deal of planning,—and partly because I was waiting in the hope of hearing something from the Coast Guard station, our departure was delayed until late that afternoon. Even then we were undecided whether to start that evening or the following morning.

"Suppose," said Captain Pinner, who was eager to start at once, "that we drop down

Widgeon Creek, cross the bight and run out into the river. If this wind holds favorable, we might run a few miles up the river tonight. I'm for starting!"

The wind held favorable, but it was strangely mild. The first soft stars were waking over us before we reached the bight, and twilight was merging into darkness before we came to anchor near the eastern bank of the Santee. There we decided to spend the night.

Northward from us the great Santee withdrew into its monstrous and savage delta wilderness, which on the morrow we were to penetrate. As I looked far up the glimmering vista of the river I discerned a tuft of smoke; immediately the hull of a vessel came into view. Although on the Santee a steam craft is as rare as a seaplane, we were not much astonished, for we believed that we had seen the vessel the night before. But what kind of craft was she, and what was her purpose? I pointed her out to Sam Pinner and to Rodney; they were as mystified as I. I called to Mobile, who was entertaining himself by watching the manoeuvres of a huge shark that was swimming about the river mouth.

"I believe we killed that fellow's mate," said Rodney, "and he's waiting for her to come out of Widgeon Creek."

"You might try a few shots at him with the rifle," I suggested.

"I have only about a dozen shells left," Captain Pinner said; "we used several on that first man-eater. But if this fellow comes in so close that shooting is a certain thing, fire away."

Our interest now became divided between the shark and the steamer bearing down on us out of the misty expanse of the Santee. She was coming literally head-on, and in the fast-fading light it was difficult to discern her character. But as we got a closer view of her we were impressed with her strange lines. She was warlike and vindictive-looking.

"I want nothing to do with her," said Sam Pinner. "You remember what happened to Willie Peyton's sloop during the war? He was in Bull's Island Narrows when one of the destroyers stationed at the Charleston Navy Yard came along. He tried to give it all the space he could, but his sloop luffed too soon, got in the destroyer's path and was sliced in two. Willie saved himself by climbing the mast."

Roaring blackly through the twilight, the weird craft swept on, rushing seaward on some urgent business of her own. The young flood was coming in over the bar, and there was a handsome sea roll, but through it the black vessel plowed. Suddenly we saw her flash a searchlight on the Western Wave. For several minutes the steady brilliance illuminated the splendid ship whose sails we had furled. Then the searchlight swept off, and we saw it flash no more. Nor did the strange craft carry a single light.

Sam Pinner said, "There's a craft that can tell us something about that wrecked schooner on the shoals off yonder. She carries no lights; she's an outlaw!"

I remembered that old true saying from the Bible, "Men loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil," and I wondered whether in setting out to solve the riddle of the chimera of Wittee Lake we had not stumbled upon a matter of far more formidable proportions.

It was not yet so dark as to prevent our seeing the big shark. The surging dash of the warlike craft had not in the least disturbed him. Now as we again caught sight of the gray fin sailing broadside to us or fading from view as it veered to turn its knife-edge toward us we became aware of a dark object on the waves, almost in the wake of the vessel that had just passed and about halfway between the shark and our own sloop. At first we could not be certain what the object was, but at last Mobile, who was standing at my shoulder, said quietly, "Cap'n Abner, dat's a man swimmin'."

"It is," Sam Pinner quickly agreed, "and he's heading for us. He must have fallen overboard from that steamer."

"Is he in difficulty?" I asked. "Mobile, you'd better get the small boat at once."

"He's all right," said Rodney, whose keen eyes saw better than mine. "He's a negro and a fine swimmer, and he's not fifty yards off. He's in no distress and is out of the steamer's wake and has the flood with him."

All of us now saw the man plainly. Though I had some misgivings over our not starting the small boat for him, I had to admit that he was an easy and powerful swimmer. His masterful trudge stroke, rhythmic as oiled machinery, was bringing him steadily toward us. But scarcely had we satisfied ourselves that the unknown man needed no assistance when Sam Pinner cried out, "The shark's after him!" and jumped for the small boat.

Rodney reached quickly for the rifle, which was leaning against the mainmast stays. I shouted a warning to the swimmer. As for Mobile, he merely stood on the Undine's bow, bronzed, statuesque and silent. You might have supposed that he was wholly unaware that a human life was even then trembling in the balance.

Yet if I imagined that Mobile intended doing nothing, I deeply misjudged him. While I was shouting to the swimmer and at the shark, while Rodney, peering vaguely over the black barrel of the rifle, was trying to get something like an accurate sight on the sea monster, and while Sam Pinner was fumbling at the knot of the rope of the small boat, Mobile began slowly to take off his shirt. Then I saw him draw forth his long and terrible knife and quickly test the blade with his finger. He glanced at Rodney as if he knew that my son could get no good aim at the shark. He looked at Captain Pinner, who was fumbling furiously with the rope of the small boat. Then he looked at me.

"Use gwine to help him," he said. "I learned to do this when I was down to Trinidad."

In another moment his slender but stalwart body, poised on the bow in muscular alertness, plunged almost without a sound into the dark Santee tide.

Tumult followed. Captain Pinner thought that Mobile had fallen overboard. The swimmer to whose help our man was going began to call pitifully to us; he knew now what was after him. Rodney, who was unable to see the shark, fired the rifle into the air in the hope of frightening the creature off.

I sat down on my heels and peered over the waters. The two swimmers were almost together and not twenty yards from us. I saw Mobile deliberately pass the struggling man and heard his words of encouragement. The stranger continued to swim stoutly for our boat. Suddenly right ahead of Mobile and directly in the wake of the approaching stranger I saw the ghostly gray fin. It was tall and portentous and was speeding down upon Mobile.

When the great shark, at last certain of the exact position of his prey and therefore rushing with fearful speed, was only a few yards from it, our negro, good swimmer that he was, sank with the quiet and deft skill of an expert. The shark passed over him; then it too sank. As it went down I thought I saw it turn over. It rose no more. We pulled our refugee aboard the Undine, and what was our amazement and pleasure to find that he was no other than Jesse Melon, who had so mysteriously disappeared in Wittee Lake!

Mobile, who regained the sloop on the heels of Jesse, greeted him affectionately.

"What did you do to the shark, Mobile?" I asked in frank admiration.

"He done do it all," he answered. He picked up a little tuft of oakum from the deck and wiped off the haft of his great knife.

"But how did you do it?"

"I sink in the water before him," Mobile explained in a matter-of-fact way, "and hold up my knife in his path like this." He illustrated by holding his knife vertical and rigid. "He just run over it," he added. "He was so busy trying to grab Jesse by his hind leg that he didn't notice me."

Both negroes laughed, but Jesse's laughter was more of nervousness than of mirth.

"But where did he go?" I asked.

"He gone to meet his mate," Mobile answered significantly.

That we had picked up Jesse Melon from the treacherous waters at the mouth of the Santee after Mobile had literally delivered him from the jaws of a man-eating shark was a matter for which we were more than thankful. The circumstance was extremely fortunate, for of all men Jesse was most likely to be able to tell us what had been happening recently up at Wittee Lake. And if anyone could guide us there quickly, he was the man. Though we were aware that the good-natured, powerful black man, who now was warming and drying himself by the little wood stove in the hold of our sloop, had the most interesting story in the world to tell us, for a while we forbore to question him, for we saw plainly that his latest experience had shaken his nerves, strong as they were. While we were talking of other things we suddenly realized that our craft was being strangely illumined. I looked across the delta to see if the moon were shining on us; but there was no moon. We were in the full glare of a marine searchlight, and the vessel that carried it bore no other lights. Somehow we all seemed to know at once that the sinister craft was bearing down full upon us.

She was coming in from the sea. We heard the deep pulsations of her powerful engines. We heard her soft yet mighty rush through the flood-tide waters. It was the vessel from which, as we were about to learn, Jesse Melon had thrown himself, the strange black ship that had so lately rushed past us for the open sea. She had spotted us with her searchlight and was bearing down upon us with irresistible speed and power!

When Jesse saw the craft looming grimly in the night he let fall with a crash the cup of coffee that Mobile had just handed him. In the strange light, which disclosed all of us to one another and to those who were approaching us, I saw Jesse's face suddenly become terrified, and he cried to us with that certainty which first-hand knowledge alone can supply, "She'll run us down! It's her way. You don't know those men on board that ship! She'll cut us in two! We must clear ourselves, or she'll cut us in two!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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FACT AND COMMENT

TO BE DISSIPATED is to use the first half of your life to make the second half miserable.

Who praised the Bad Work falsely is the one
To blame for Future Work as badly done.

YOUNG MEN TALK of what they are going to do, old men talk of what they have done, and feeble men talk of what they should like to do.

THE UNITED STATES Public Health Service forbids the use of the common drinking cup in all places over which it has control, including all interstate trains. Many states and many cities too have prohibited it. Almost every communicable disease finds its port of entry through the nose or mouth.

SMALL PONDS and stagnant pools can be kept free of mosquitoes by stocking them with top minnows, which feed upon the wiggle-tails, as the larvæ of mosquitoes are called. The Mississippi State Board of Health has found the minnows to be the most useful weapon that can be used against mosquitoes in waters that cannot be covered with oil.

ALUMINUM SULPHATE is the name of the chemical salt with which the Department of Agriculture has been experimenting to make soils more acid. Many plants need lime and a "sweet" soil, but a few require more than a normal amount of acids. Blueberries, orchids and rhododendrons have made unusual gains when treated with aluminum sulphate.

BOOKS ARE of pathetically little use to tell the story of nature. Few people recognize more than a dozen roadside flowers, the commonest trees and shrubs, a few kinds of birds and insects. To be able to distinguish the call notes of birds seems to most persons a miraculous gift. The few who know enough of nature to be guides for a few hours' walk have knowledge that many others deeply long for and that they would pay handsomely to get.

IF THE GARDENER wishes to have the help of birds in destroying the bugs and grubs of June, he should now provide them with safe places for nesting and such building material as bits of wool, feathers, narrow strips of old cloth and short pieces of frayed rope. A pan of water with stones in it set in the ground becomes a Mecca for all the birds in the neighborhood, but place it far enough away from shrubbery to make it safe from cats. Better still, put it on top of a post.

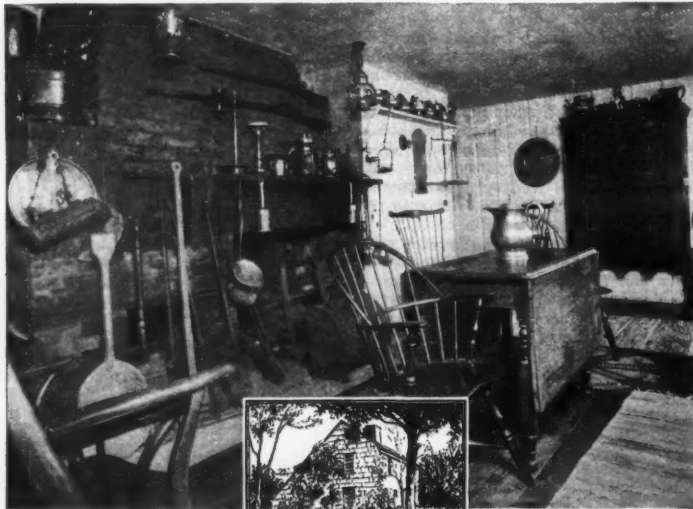
HOME, SWEET HOME

ONE hundred years ago last Tuesday there was presented at the Covent Garden Theatre in London an opera entitled *Clari*, or the Maid of Milan. The music was by Sir Henry Bishop, then the most popular of English composers; the libretto was by John Howard Payne, a young American actor, turned playwright. The opera had its moment of success, but it long ago fell into oblivion. But one haunting melody from the score would not die. It is as nearly immortal as anything in music can ever be. It is *Home, Sweet Home*.

The verses that Payne wrote to the air are not remarkable as poetry. They do, however, express an emotion that almost every human heart has felt, the longing amid strange and perhaps depressing surroundings for the familiar scenes and the happy associations of home. Payne, no doubt, felt that emotion sincerely when he wrote the lines; he was a stranger in England, far from the Long Island cottage that he knew as a child; and he managed to put into a few simple words the home hunger that all wanderers know.

It is probable, however, that the song owes its vitality to the melody, sweet, wistful, exactly appropriate to the sense of the words. Whether Sir Henry Bishop himself composed it is doubtful. In the score it is called a "Sicilian air." One story is that Payne himself had heard the melody in Italy and suggested it to Bishop. Whatever its origin, it has the simplicity and inevitability of true folk music. Like *Old Folks at Home*, it does not grow old; after a thousand repetitions it still speaks to the heart. Great prima donnas are proud to bring all their art to interpreting it. The most cultivated as well as the most unsophisticated audiences listen to it with emotion. It is the most widely loved and appreciated bit of music in the world. It is fitting that the

PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF G. H. BUEK, PRESENT OWNER OF THE HOUSE



The kitchen of the cottage at East Hampton, Long Island



In this house was born the poet John Howard Payne

centenary of its marriage to the words of Payne's song should have been celebrated at the old house at East Hampton that was "home" to the exiled poet.

AMERICAN CAPITAL IN MESOPOTAMIA

WE are hearing a great deal—and we shall probably hear much more—about the so-called "Chester concession" in Mesopotamia. Whenever the allied nations meet the Turk in conference again the Chester concession will be the subject of warm discussion.

That concession, which was first granted by the government of the Sultan in 1909, conferred upon the holders, who were American capitalists and business men, the right to open the valuable oil fields round Mosul and to build railways and to establish other industrial enterprises in the neighborhood. Owing to the unsettled condition of affairs in Turkey not only during the war but for several years before the war, nothing was done to carry out the terms of the concession. But now the grant has fallen into the hands of a new American company, the Ottoman-American Development Company, of which Rear Adm. Colby M. Chester, retired, is the head and Gen. George W. Goethals the chief engineer. The new company has plans for opening the oil fields, building railways and ports, raising a modern city at Angora suitable to be the capital of the Turkish state, establishing model farms in Asia Minor and selling American agricultural machinery to the Turkish farmers. It is reported from Angora that the Turkish Council of Ministers has approved the reissue of the great concession to the new American company, and that the Turkish parliament has given its consent, which under the constitution of the state is also necessary.

Needless to say, the activity of the American capitalists has aroused interest and indeed alarm both in London and in Paris. It has been taken for granted in both cities that Great Britain and France should have a share in the opportunities for industrial enterprise in Turkey. The British government is especially interested in the Mosul oil fields. British capital holds a concession somewhat similar to that granted to the Americans, but it bears date of 1914 and is not likely to be reissued by the Angora government. It has been the British contention that the whole region should be transferred to the Kingdom of Iraq, of which King Feisal is the ruler. That would at once put the Chester commission out of court, and Feisal would be pretty sure to turn the oil fields over to his good friends the English; but turning the region over to the Arabs was one of the points on which the Lausanne conference foundered. Nothing has happened to show that the Turks are any readier now than they were then to surrender Mosul.

Our own government, which in such cases as this has always insisted on the principle of the "open door," can hardly avoid supporting the claims of the Ottoman-American Development Company. That may make it necessary for our representative at the next conference to be something more than an

observer. In spite of our efforts to the contrary, we may find ourselves drawn into the discussion of Near Eastern affairs; events may even hurry us into a position opposed to that of Great Britain and perhaps to that of France. There is some reason to believe that the Turks are helping the Chester concession along in the hope that it will lead to trouble between the United States and Great Britain; but the modern business man is quite as shrewd as the Turkish politicians are, and some friendly division of the commercial privileges in the East between Americans and Europeans is more likely than a stubborn disagreement between the governments over the rights of their respective citizens.

TIDINESS

SOME are born tidy, some acquire the habit of tidiness, and some are never tidy at all.

There is no doubt about the comfort of tidiness, in yourself and in others. It is pleasant to have your clothes neatly brushed, your shoes neatly blacked, your garments neatly hung, the contents of your bureau drawers neatly arranged in piles properly assorted, your letters and receipts neatly docketed and filed where you can lay your hands on them at a moment's notice.

There is also no doubt about the comfort of untidiness: to take the thing that comes nearest and wear it and use it and enjoy it, without worrying about where it comes from or where it goes to. Tidy people appear—to the untidy—to live in a perpetual fret, to be always distressed because something is out of place. Now, if there is no place where a thing ought to be, evidently it cannot be out of its place, and there is no need for worry.

One of the tragedies of life is the conflict of the tidy with the untidy temperament. Two excellent persons marry, two delightful persons, two persons with many elements of sympathy, capable of augmenting each other's pleasure in life in many ways. But one has always been accustomed to neatness, to tidiness, to having a place for everything and keeping it there, and the other has not; hence arise irritating divergence and unnecessary wear and tear, and what might be a charming home is too often rendered miserable.

So far we have been speaking of external tidiness. There is a tidiness of the spirit also. Some souls live in a mist; grope, stumble, shiver and shudder in a haze of incompleteness and uncertainty. Others by instinct cultivate exactitude, definiteness, clarity; in other words, tidiness. The tidiness of the body is excellent. But the tidiness of the spirit is one of the largest and sweetest of virtues and tends to tranquillity and length of days.

LORD CARNARVON

LORD CARNARVON'S discoveries in the Valley of the Kings caught and held the interest and imagination of the whole world. For the first time the wonders of an ancient civilization, almost buried in oblivion and previously studied by only a few enthusiasts, drew the eager admiration of even

the most casual reader of the daily news. Then suddenly attention shifted to the tragic fate of the man whose persistency and unselfish use of his wealth had conferred upon mankind the opportunity to learn previously hidden things about the life, the art and the beliefs of the Egyptians of three thousand years ago.

The tomb of the Pharaoh, what it contained and what it tells us, will continue to possess the chief interest both for the scholars who will study the meaning of what it reveals and for the man in the street who is now wondering what that inner room will furnish for fresh wonder and admiration; but the man to whom we are indebted for what we know and for what we are still to learn should not be forgotten.

Lord Carnarvon was a typical hereditary British peer, the fifth to bear the title of an earldom created in 1793. His father took his part in politics and held office in the ministries of Disraeli and Lord Salisbury. The late earl succeeded to the title in 1890, but never entered public life. Although he took his degree at Cambridge University and was the son of a peer, he did not enter Parliament. He was a sportsman, a collector and a lover and owner of race horses. Immensely wealthy, owning thirty-six thousand acres of land and one of the finest mansions in England besides half a dozen other residences in town and country, he was a typical representative of the part of the aristocracy that is most obnoxious to the proletariat and that is not a matter of pride to any large body of British opinion.

Nevertheless, blood will tell. Lord Carnarvon found and adopted a hobby—one that, if he should succeed in it, would bring to light the mysteries of a great civilization of ancient times. If he should fail, he would neither win renown nor contribute anything to human knowledge. It was a "sporting proposition" that no one except a man of great wealth could entertain. He sold his collections, cleared out his racing stables and then devoted his energies and his money to seeking the tombs of the Pharaohs in the blind wastes of Egyptian sand. His dogged persistency through years of fruitless search and his lavish expenditures were rewarded at last by discoveries in archaeology that are of great interest and importance. He died before the extent and value of the revelation could be known, but he has left a name that will endure as long as service to scholarship is honored among men.

ANOTHER CHRISTIAN MARTYRDOM

THE fires of religious persecution, which throughout the civilized world have been banked for centuries, have burst out again in Russia. The Catholic priests who were condemned to death or imprisonment by the soviet courts are just as much martyrs of the faith as were the Christians who were tortured and devoured by wild beasts in the Roman amphitheatre under Nero.

The Bolsheviks have tried to give the impression that they punished the men for political offenses—for "counter-revolutionary" correspondence with the Polish government; but we have the story of an American journalist, Mr. Francis McCullagh, who was present throughout the entire trial. He assures us that no testimony was offered that showed any political activity on the part of Archbishop Zepliak, Vicar-General Butchkavitch or any of the younger priests. They had received some money from Poland to be spent in maintaining their schools and religious services—nothing more. They were sentenced to be shot or imprisoned because they insisted on saying Mass when they could find opportunity and on teaching the catechism to the children of their parishes. Soviet law makes it a penal offense to teach religion to anyone who is less than eighteen years old. It also forbids the celebration of the Mass or of the Communion unless by permission of the soviet authorities. Those laws the priests disobeyed and meant to keep on disobeying. It was for that that they were punished. The vicar-general is the only one who has been put to death; but, as if to give especial point to the outrage, his execution was timed for the very eve of Easter Sunday.

The picture of the court room at Moscow that Mr. McCullagh gives us, with the judges puffing at cigarettes while they badgered the defendants, and the audience laughing and jeering at the answers of the accused men, is shocking enough, but it is perhaps no more shocking than what happened in some of the Revolutionary tribunals of France more than

a hundred years ago. It is clear enough, however, that the Communists aim at something more than overthrowing modern political and social systems. They mean to stamp out religion if they can. They have placarded their cities with the battle cry, "Religion is the opium of the people." They have broken up the Greek Church and put its patriarch, Tikhon, into prison. They have passed laws that make the most sacred rites both of the Christian and of the Jewish Church illegal. They have organized, as they organized last Christmas, public spectacles that ridicule and blaspheme holy things. They have established a weekly newspaper with the significant title Godless. By mockery, by subtle suggestion, by the machinery of law, by terrorism, they hope to wipe from the mind and heart of Russia its faith in God, its habit of worship and its belief in the dignity of the human soul. For those things they mean to substitute their own dogmas of economics as the only mainspring of human action and the rule of the proletariat as the end toward which creation moves. We predict that they will find it no easier to destroy Christianity by persecution than the Caesars found it.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

Do You Know

that *The Youth's Companion* has begun to show a three-reel film representing all the processes of making the paper from the felling of the trees to the delivery of the finished periodical in the home? It is entitled

From Forest to Fireside

It tells a varied, picturesque, instructive and entertaining story that no one should miss. The film is now appearing in Indiana and Wisconsin and is soon to appear in southern Illinois. Eventually it will be shown in other parts of the country. If it is appearing in your state, go to see it. If not, keep on the watch for it. We will keep you informed of its whereabouts.

CURRENT EVENTS

THE Soviet Church Administration, which is made up of Greek priests who have seceded from the Orthodox Church and allied themselves with the Communists, is trying Dr. Tikhon, the patriarch of All Russia, with a view of unfrocking him. Then it is the plan to put him on trial for his life, no longer as a priest but as a layman. He has long been in prison for counseling resistance to the seizure of the church property by the soviet government. This is another step in the Communist campaign against every form of religion. Our own government has expressed its opinion of the intolerance and irreligion that rule in Russia today by withdrawing its approval of the visit to this country that Madame Kalinin, the wife of the president of the Russian soviets, hoped to make.

THE decision of the Supreme Court denying the constitutionality of the law that provides for a minimum wage for women and children in the District of Columbia is important and has provoked much discussion and criticism. The court divided closely on the issue; the vote would undoubtedly have been five to four if Justice Brandeis had not felt that his former activity as counsel in minimum wage cases made it unsuitable for him to participate in the decision. Justice Sutherland wrote the majority opinion, which held that the law denies the free right of contract secured by the Constitution. The Chief Justice wrote a dissenting opinion, holding that, if legislation can direct employers to observe certain working conditions, it can also oblige them to pay certain rates of wages. The decision necessarily shakes the foundation on which a number of state wage laws rest, and there has been a chorus of protest against it from

labor leaders, women's organizations and citizens who are interested in improving the status of women in industry. A movement is already on foot to deal with the subject by constitutional amendment.

IT is a sensational proposal that M. de Kerguezec, president of the naval committee of the French Senate, is reported to have made. He wants an international conference called to consider the complete abolition of all navies and promises that France will abolish its fleet if the other nations will abolish theirs. It is almost inconceivable that Great Britain would consent to that proposal, for without the protection of its navy there would be danger that its merchant fleet and that essential artery of its commerce, the Suez Canal, would be destroyed in time of war. There would be nothing to prevent an enemy from blowing up the canal; and even if there were no hostile navy, privateers and such craft would almost surely spring up to prey upon the undefended merchant ships. They in turn would have to be armed, and then we should have a navy again. Until something or other makes war impossible men are pretty sure to fight on the water as well as on the land.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad, alarmed, as many other companies and persons are, at the increasing number of automobile accidents at railway crossings, has undertaken a systematic observation of what goes on at a number of the grade crossings along its lines. The watchers declare that ninety-seven out of one hundred drivers are careful and observe all the necessary precautions, but that the other three are strangely careless. It is not uncommon for a car to collide with the middle of a passing train, and in one case the automobile actually ran into the caboose of a freight train that had been passing over the crossing for almost a minute before the automobile appeared on the scene. A large number of accidents are caused by the intoxication or sudden physical incapacity of the driver; but when all allowance has been made for that there is an unfortunately large number of persons who simply don't know enough to avoid a smash-up. There would be few accidents if persons of that kind could be kept off the front seat of a motor car.

DO you know that there is a common superstition that a two-dollar bill is "unlucky"? Gamblers do not like to take one or to include one in a bet, and a good many persons who find them in their possession mutilate them, in the belief that they can in that way dispel the evil influence that the bills exert—a strange fancy, the origin of which we cannot learn. This is by way of introducing the report that the Treasury officials are talking of doing away with the two-dollar bill, not because of the superstitions connected with it but because they think it an unnecessary piece of money. The two-dollar bill may follow the two-cent piece into oblivion and for the same reason.

SPEAKING of superstition, what an outbreak of it there was when Lord Carnarvon, one of the discoverers of Tutankhamun's tomb, died from blood poisoning and pneumonia following the bite of an insect! Not only the Egyptian fellahin but some very intelligent persons in England were ready to believe that the disturbed spirit of the long-dead king had taken some sort of occult vengeance on the man who had violated his grave. It is even reported that numerous persons canceled their reservations rather than sail in the steamer that carried Lord Carnarvon's body.

GENERAL FRIES, who is the head of the Chemical Warfare Service, makes the cheering announcement that the army chemists have made a mask that protects the wearer against every known kind of gas, even the deadly carbon monoxide. The only difficulty is to get a filtering substance that can be produced in sufficient quantity for the emergencies of warfare. At present the charcoal made by burning cocoanut shells is the material that is used, but we should need hundreds of tons a day to meet the requirements of warfare, especially if the civilian population were to be protected as the soldiers are. The Chemical Service also reports gratifying progress in the attempts that it has been making to combat the boll weevil and the teredo worm with poison gases.



When June Comes

With its strawberries
remember Puffed Rice

Mix your berries with Puffed Rice—flimsy, flavory, crisp. It will add what flaky crust adds to shortcake or to pie.

These are toasted rice grains puffed to 8 times normal size. They fairly melt away. And they add to berries a delicious blend.

Float Puffed Wheat in Milk

The finest morsels in a bowl of milk are globules of Puffed Wheat.

These are whole grains steam

exploded, airy, toasted, crisp. Four times as porous as bread.

The food cells are blasted to make digestion easy. Thus the whole-grain elements feed.

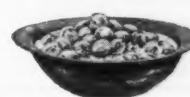
Whole wheat supplies 12 minerals which growing children need. Millions suffer malnutrition for lack of some of them. It also supplies bran.

This form makes whole wheat delightful. It makes the milk dish tempting. Every child should get it every day in summer.



Whole grains
steam exploded

Puffed to 8 times
normal size



Puffed Rice

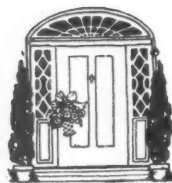
For mornings

The finest breakfast dainty that children ever get. And all food cells are broken.

Puffed Wheat

In milk at night

This forms a supreme food—whole wheat and whole milk. And this process makes wheat easy to digest.



THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



MRS. BORROW-BUNNY

By Miriam Clark Potter

THERE was a little old lady rabbit that lived under a tree stump and that everyone called Mrs. Borrow-Bunny. She was pleasant and friendly, but she had one bad habit: she borrowed and borrowed and borrowed.

She would say, "O Mrs. Squirrel, do let me have just a cup of buckwheat flour. I was bringing some home in a bag from Mr. Beaver's shop, and it spilled out."

Mrs. Squirrel would give her the flour, and then Mrs. Bunny would forget all about it.

Or she would say to Mrs. Owl, "Do let me take your feather duster for just this morning. I want to make my house all spick-and-span because my cousins, the Meadow Rabbits, are coming over for tea and my own duster is all worn out." And a little sadly Mrs. Owl would let her take the duster, and Mrs. Bunny would forget to return it.

The other animals used to spend a great deal of time talking about the matter. "Let us not lend her any more things," said some of them. But the next time Mrs. Borrow-Bunny went over to the house of one of them, all pleasant and friendly and eager, they would let her have what she wanted before they knew it.

So it went on and on until one day the animals met to make a list of all the things that were missing. As they talked Mrs. Duck wrote down the names of the things on a pad, and after a while they found that Mrs. Borrow-Bunny had all these articles:

- Mrs. Owl's duster, cookbook and brown shawl.
- Mrs. Squirrel's new rubbers, a cup of flour and three cups of sugar.
- Mrs. Hedgehog's bag, a box of raisins and an umbrella.
- Mrs. Duck's tin spoon, three buttons and a spool of yarn.
- Mrs. Woodchuck's summer nightcap and a butter ladle.

"What shall we do," they asked, "to get all of our things back?"

"I have a good idea!" said Mrs. Hedgehog.

"Tell us about it," Mrs. Duck begged her.

"Let us give a picnic on the little green knoll," said Mrs. Hedgehog, "and invite Mrs. Borrow-Bunny. This is what we will do—" And she went and whispered something in Mrs. Squirrel's ear. Mrs. Squirrel laughed out loud. Then Mrs. Hedgehog whispered in Mrs. Owl's ear, and Mrs. Owl nodded her big head in a pleased way. So she went on whispering to one after another until by and by they all knew what the plan was and thought it good and funny.

Mrs. Borrow-Bunny was delighted to be asked to the picnic and accepted at once.

When the day came all the animals met on the little green knoll. It was a bright, sunny morning, and all the world seemed happy. Mrs. Borrow-Bunny was the last to come. That was another queer thing about her; she was always late.

Suddenly, as they were spreading out the lunch, Mrs. Owl said, "Oh, if I only had my brown shawl! And I was going to mix up some mint lemonade with strawberries in it, but I need my cookbook. And if I had my duster to brush off this stone, we might use it for a cake table."

Mrs. Borrow-Bunny looked up from her basket, astonished. "Mrs. Owl!" she said. "They are all three over at my house. I borrowed them from you; don't you remember? I will scamper right home and fetch them."

And she was gone. In about ten minutes she came back with the things. Mrs. Owl thanked her and set about mixing the lemonade.

Then Mrs. Duck cried, "My tin spoon! I wish I had it to stir this good stuff for the sandwiches."

Bubble Dreams BY WINIFRED L. BRYNING

I often think of Santa Claus
And wonder if in summer time
He sighs for shingled roofs to climb
With heavy pack upon his back,
To fill a stocking or a shoe,
Or drop a sugarplum or two.

If you are still as still can be,
I'll tell you something secretly:
One night I went to Sleepy Town,
Where hills go up and dales go down,
The Land of Quilt-and-Eiderdown.
And while the other sleepyheads
Were lying in their little beds
I saw—oh, such a wondrous sight!—
Good Santa in the dead of night.
He bore a big and bulging pack

That bobbed and bounced upon his back
And shone with rainbow-colored gleams.

It held the children's bubble dreams.
Then Santa dropped one like a posy
On every cheek so round and rosy;
And then the little sleepyheads
Sailed off to Dreamland in their beds.

And that is how good Santa passes
The summer time. Both lads and lasses
When they arrive at Sleepy Town,
Where hills go up and dales go down,
The Land of Quilt-and-Eiderdown,
There find a gift that brightly beams,
All colored fair with rainbow gleams,
From Santa's pack of bubble dreams.

DRAWN BY BENJAMIN



I brought my mending bag, but I need three buttons and a spool of yarn. If I had those things I could sew."

"Why, I owe you those things," Mrs. Borrow-Bunny said. "I don't mind a bit running home after them."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Duck.

When Mrs. Borrow-Bunny had rested a minute after she came back Mrs. Hedgehog exclaimed, "My green bag! I thought I had it here, but I find I haven't. And I do wish I had my umbrella in case it rains. Then I was going to make a raisin salad, and I need a box of raisins. O dear! O dear!"

Mrs. Borrow-Bunny stood up. She was getting hot, running back and forth across the meadow so many times, and she did not look so happy as she did when she came to the picnic. "They are at my house. I will fetch them," she said.

She brought the things back, and Mrs. Hedgehog thanked her.

Then Mrs. Squirrel began to whimper that she wanted to wade in the brook and needed her rubbers.

"I will go and bring them to you," Mrs. Borrow-Bunny said in a queer voice. She did not seem eager to go.

This time she did not come back. The animals waited and waited, and they were all hungry for their good luncheon.

"Let us go and see what is the matter," suggested Mrs. Hedgehog.

When the picnickers came to Mrs. Borrow-Bunny's house they heard some one crying. There she sat on the doorstep, with her apron over her face and the rest of the things she had borrowed in a heap beside her.

"Go away!" she said. "I know you did it to teach me a lesson. I feel ashamed. But my feet are so tired, running back and forth, and I am so hot! I do not want to go to the picnic, and I do not want you to see me. Please go away!"

Then all the animals felt sorry for her; and they told her that they had come to get her because the picnic would not be a bit of fun without her. "Please come," they begged her. "We wish we had not done it!"

"I am so glad you did it," said Mrs. Borrow-Bunny. "I have learned a good lesson. But please promise me one thing: do not call me Mrs. Borrow-Bunny any more behind my back. Call me Mrs. Good-Neighbor."

The animals said they would, and they did, and it proved to be just the right name. She was pleasant and plump and friendly, just as she always had been; and she scarcely ever borrowed. If she did, she came running back with the thing she had asked for before the sun set; always, always, before the sun set.

THE RAINDROP FAIRY

By Charlotte E. Wilder

A RAINDROP fairy sat on the edge of her cloud house one day and looked far down on the little ball that is the earth swinging below her. She was sitting on the very edge, where the black color changes to a pearly gray, and she was swinging her feet and waiting to slide down a raindrop path; but before she began her long slide she wanted to be sure that she should land in the right place—the place where she could do a good deed.

She had heard the sad story about raindrop fairies that are sometimes blown far out to sea and are never able to return to cloudland because whenever they try to climb a sunbeam a big green wave leaps at them and knocks them down again into the depths of the ocean.

While the fairy was thinking of that terrible fate a gray cottage with a red roof passed under her; it had bright windows that shone like new pennies and a garden filled with flowers that bobbed and swayed their shining heads. Without waiting a moment the fairy gave a little push with her hands and a little kick with her heels and went sliding down the long silver path of a raindrop.

Plip! With a bounce she plumped into the white cup of a flower. Although she was very light, the flower bowed low with surprise and stood straight again and folded her arms round the visitor. It seemed to the fairy as if she were locked in a sweet, tiny room with creamy wall paper and a beautiful soft yellow dust on the floor, a clean kind of dust that no one would wish to brush away.

"Oh, what shall I do!" said the fairy, and she cried a little raindrop tear. "I must do a good deed before I can go home again, and here I am, locked up! But it is a very pretty place, to be sure. I shall have to spend the night here."

"Stay as long as you please," said the dainty flower. "I shall see that you are kept warm and quiet because I am grateful to all your sisters who gave me a drink when I was thirsty." And,

The Good Little Fairy and the Naughty Little Elf BY PRINGLE BARRET

Mary, Mary, Mary,
Is the dearest little fairy
That in all the land of fancy
You can see—see—see.

She thinks it most exciting
To be forever writing
That you must be good if happy
You would be—be—be.

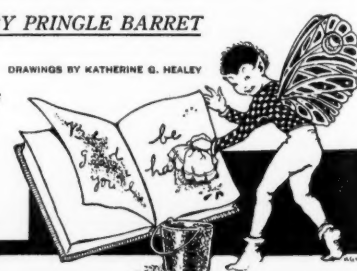
But Mr. Johnny Self
Is a naughty little elf.
He's forever making mischief
In his glee—glee—glee.

He scatters grains of sand
With his naughty little hand
Till he covers up the writing.
Don't you see—see—see?

Now you must never tell
Where these little creatures dwell!
It's a secret. Sh! They live in
You and me—me—me!



DRAWINGS BY KATHERINE G. HEALEY



so saying, she slowly folded her arms tighter and made a little round room for the fairy to sleep in.

Little Eva, who lived with her mother in the gray house with the red roof and the windows like pennies, came into the garden to play that evening just as the sun went down. She saw the tall flower all closed for the night, but she did not know that it held a rain fairy. If she had known that, she might have put her ear down to the blossom and heard a happy little noise and bustle inside it—the noise of a fairy getting ready for bed.

But Eva remembered the white flower and early the next morning before her mother or the big black dog or the little yellow cat was up tiptoed out into the garden just as the golden eye of the sun was beginning to peep at her over the red roof of the house. She walked down the brown path until she found the white flower. Then she knelt, picked it carefully close to the ground and took it into the house to put it into one of the windows near her mother's bed. The little fairy was still sleeping soundly, and so there was no noise inside the tight ball of the blossom.

Then with a shout Eva jumped up on her mother's bed as she did every morning just as the sun came up. Her mother woke with a little start and said, "What, is it time already? I do think you get up earlier every day." And that was what she said almost every morning. Of course she saw the flower at once and went with Eva to the window to look at it. As they stood there the petals began to open and the rain fairy looked out, and the little girl looked in.

"O mother," she said, "there's a big raindrop in this flower. What a funny place for a raindrop." She could not see the fairy because the shiny surface of the raindrop looked only like a blue and rose rainbow.

"Yes," said her mother, "a raindrop caught inside like a big bumblebee."

When the two had looked a little longer they went down to breakfast, chatting and skipping with their arms round each other, but first Eva's mother pulled the green window shade high up and opened the shining window to the very top and turned the vase so that the lovely face of the flower looked straight at the sky. The sun was hiding behind the roof of the next-door house, but white fleecy shreds of clouds were drifting across the blue sky like pieces of fine cotton or a flock of tiny sheep.

The fairy looked at them and began to feel a strange tickling in her heart. When raindrop fairies feel a tickling in their hearts it means that they want to travel; they are always restless, longing to slide down the silver chute of the rain or climb up the golden ladder of the sunbeam.

While the rain fairy was longing to leave her little flower bedroom the sun put his shining face over the roof next door and threw a long fine-spun ladder in at the window.

The tickling in the heart of the raindrop fairy grew and grew, but she could not go because she did not think that she had done a good deed yet. She had not watered the roots of the flower or given a drink to a bird or cleaned a bit of dust from anyone's

doorstep. So she waited, unhappy, until Eva came into the room, skipping and singing.

"My dear, what is it that makes you so happy this morning?" asked her mother, smiling almost as much as Eva herself.

"Oh, I don't know," said the little girl. "Perhaps it was the beautiful sun or the orange that I had for breakfast or the flower. Yes, yes, I do know. It was seeing that funny bumblebee raindrop all curled up inside the flower."

When the fairy heard that she smiled and gave a little push with her hands and a little kick with her heels and started on her long climb back to the sky.

STORYBOOK PICTURES

By Z. R. Cronyn

*The pictures in my storybooks
Are dwarfs and giants and fairy elves
Who wander through the secret nooks
Between the pages by themselves.*

*I put my bookmark when I play
At places where the pictures are,
Then close the book and steal away
And spring upon it from afar.*

*But only silent groups I see
Of folk too nimble-quick for me.*

A STRANGE MUSICIAN

By Mary Ritchie Ward

DONALD had the measles, and, although he was fast getting well, the doctor said that he must stay in his room for a few days more. His friends, wishing to give him a little amusement, had hunted up an old fish globe and put into it some minnows from a near-by pond. In the centre they had set pretty water plants, and the tiny fish seemed to feel at home as they swam in and out among them.

One evening at sunset as Donald lay propped up in bed watching the minnows he noticed that they seemed to be chasing each other round and round. They looked like silver shining in the last rays of the setting sun.

Then all at once Donald noticed something on the top of the water that he had not seen before. A small oval-shaped bug was skimming over the surface, using his strong hind legs like two little oars.

"What a funny bug!" said Donald. "It looks exactly like a little rowboat. I suppose it must have been on the water plants all the time, and I just didn't happen to see it before."

Donald watched the water bug for a long time. He thought it would never tire of rowing its funny little self about, but at last it stopped, climbed up the stem of one of the water plants and out on a leaf. For a while it sat there quietly, then it began to scratch its tiny beaklike nose with its two forefeet.

Donald wanted to laugh at the funny bug whose nose seemed to itch, but he smothered his giggles in the pillow for fear of frightening the bug away.

And then the very queerest thing happened. Donald began to hear a strange sound, faint at first, then louder.

He was so astonished that his mouth dropped open. He looked at the "little bug more closely, looked again and listened with straining ears.

Such a strange thing couldn't be, he thought. Yet it was. The funny little water bug was playing a funny little tune with its funny little paws on its funny little snout.

"Well!" gasped Donald. "Splash!" went the little bug down into the water.

Then Donald burst into such hearty laughter that his father and mother came running to see what it was all about.

"Surely you were dreaming," they said when he had told his story. "But there's the very bug," insisted Donald.

"It's called a water boatman," they said, "but as to the music—"

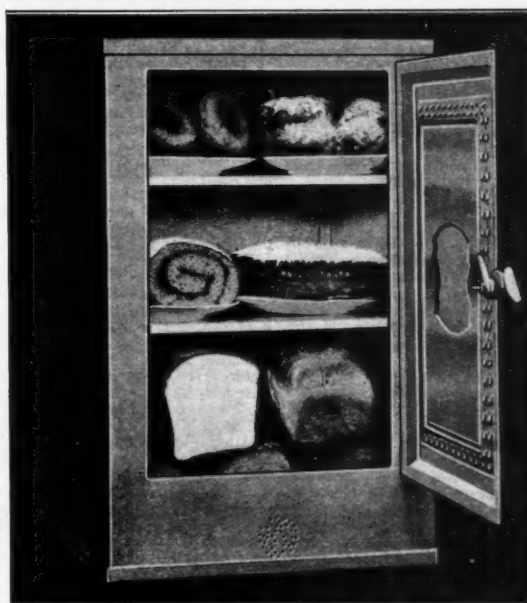
"They couldn't have given it a better name," said Donald. "Now please get me the big nature book, so I can find out whether he can play a tune on his nose."

And the big nature book proved to everybody's astonishment that the little boy had not been dreaming.

When he was quite well again Donald took his fish and the little water boatman that was such a strange musician back to their home pond, for he knew that they would be happier there than anywhere else.

HOME COMFORT BREAD AND CAKE CABINET

OUR aim is always to select practical and useful articles to be given as awards for securing new subscriptions: therefore in offering the Home Comfort Bread and Cake Cabinet we know our choice will be indorsed by hundreds of subscribers who will receive the cabinet in payment for their services in introducing The Youth's Companion into homes where it is not now taken.



HOME BREAD AND CAKE CABINET

This cabinet has been manufactured for a number of years and has always appealed to the housewife, not only for its attractive appearance, but for its value in keeping the contents pure and sweet.

The cabinet offered is 20 inches high, 13½ inches wide, 11 inches deep, and made of high-grade galvanized steel with an aluminum finish, which will neither rust nor corrode. There are two shelves which can be removed for cleaning—or the whole cabinet can be taken apart and put together again in a few minutes.

The cabinet is strictly sanitary. There is no possibility of rust or corrosion. No rats, mice or other vermin can get into it, and it is so ventilated that there is always a circulation of air through it. Bread kept in the Home Cabinet will keep longer and better than in any other receptacle.

WHAT ACTUAL USERS SAY

"Your Home Comfort Cabinets are well named. We stand it in the cellar in summer time and in the winter it is placed in the pantry. Everybody admires it, and it certainly keeps our eatables in fine condition. No spiders, flies or other vermin can get into it and it is so easy to clean. I wouldn't be without it at three times the price."

"Your cabinet is by far the best

looking article in my kitchen and I am very proud of it. I am well satisfied with it in every way, and I know I will get just as much comfort out of it as I did my old one, which I had for so many years."

"I have one of your cabinets and like it very much. It was given to me as a wedding present. Kindly write me what they cost as I have two friends who would like to have one."

How to Get the Bread and Cake Cabinet

OFFER No. 1

Send us \$1.25 with one new six months' (26 issues) subscription for The Youth's Companion with \$1.00 extra and we will send you the Home Comfort Bread and Cake Cabinet.

OFFER No. 2

Send us \$2.50 with one new yearly (52 issues) subscription for The Youth's Companion with 65 cents extra and we will send you the Home Comfort Bread and Cake Cabinet.

The cabinet is collapsible and will be sent by express or parcel post, charges to be paid by the receiver. If parcel-post shipment is desired, ask your postmaster how much postage you should send for a 14-lb. package. Shipped either from St. Paul, Minn., or Boston, Mass.

NOTE: This cabinet is given only to a present Companion subscriber to pay him for introducing the paper into a home where it has not been taken the past year.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

NAMES

By Jennie Linquist

*Betty thinks that all the names
Given to girls and boys
Are colored just as flowers are,
Or books, or frocks, or toys.*

*Betty's sure that Grace is blue,
Paul, a shining green;
Yellow is the happy shade
Of Evelyn and Jean;*

*Marjorie is a rosy pink,
Carl is silver-gray,
Eleanor is just as white
As snow on Christmas day;
John is brown and Jane is buff,
Tom is purple-spotted;
Susie has a sort of stripe,
Pattie's polka-dotted;*

*Lydia is lavender;
Joy is flaming red;
Dick is deepest, darkest blue;
So are Nell and Ned;*

*Mary is of crimson deep,
Helen, baby blue;
Betty wonders if those names
Seem that way to you!*

MY MOTHER'S BRACELET

By Eunice Mitchell Lehme



Among my jewels lies a bracelet old
With row on row of tiny links of gold
All fastened cunningly into a band,
Gold-tasseled and with garniture of pearl;
And when I slip it gently o'er my hand
And show its beauties to my little girl
I say, "It was my mother's."

It is but one of many links that hold
My life to hers with bonds more dear than gold.
Hers is my stature and my turn of thought
And every vision that before me glows;
And when my Dearest praises me for aught
And says, "I wonder whence it came," he knows
I had it from my mother.

The very cares and burdens of my way
Are lighter for her courage day by day.
The joys that come with children are more
Sweet

That they were hers before; may it be so
With all that lies before my daughters' feet;
Whate'er their joys or sorrows, may they know
As I, they were their mother's.

And, like my mother's bracelet, may they be
Strong-linked yet supple in adversity.
And may their lives, like hers, be fringed with
Gold

And with a garniture of pearl, that when
The story of their days at last is told
It may be such a golden circlet then
As is for me my mother's.

IN THE ATTIC ROOM

"JOHN," said Mrs. Allison to her husband, "now that the house is for sale and people will be coming to look at it, don't you think you'd better try to do something with that old furniture and stuff up in the attic?"

John Allison laid down his newspaper and turned toward his wife. Then he laughed. "Why, Mary, I suppose so, but what in the world are we to do with it? Do you think it'll make much difference if people see it?"

"Well, it's rather unsightly. There's that old dresser with the cracked mirror and a chair or two with broken rockers and that little sewing table of mine—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted her husband, still laughing. "It is a lot of junk, isn't it? I always said I'd repair some of that broken furniture some day, but I don't seem to find time for it. After all, though, I guess our attic isn't much different from other people's. Folks couldn't get along these days without some place to hide those things that they think are a little too good to destroy but not quite good enough for other people to see."

But that isn't all. Not only our houses but our lives also seem to have a room set apart for things that are "too good to destroy but not quite good enough for other people to see." Perhaps the piece of furniture is a questionable pleasure; perhaps it is an unfortunate habit. Of course we expect to get rid of the furniture some day, but we never do, and therein lies the real danger. For whoever determines to maintain a secret chamber in his heart for those things that are too good to destroy but not good enough for his friends or for his Master to see will be sure one day to find himself in an embarrassing situation. Our weaknesses and secret sins are always known to God. Moreover, in the unguarded moment our friends are sure to catch a glimpse, and when the revelation comes how humiliating it will be!

"There is nothing covered," says the Master, "that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be known."

THE INVESTMENT

SUE HARRISON, sitting with her firm chin propped on her hands, scowled at the sound of her chum's knock. "Busy," she called. "No admittance unless you are prepared to help. If you aren't, out you go!"

Evelyn Lloyd opened the door, laughing as she did so. "Who could possibly resist so urgent an invitation?" Then she noticed Sue's sombre eyes and frowning brow. "Why, Sue, what's the matter?" she cried.

Sue made a small fierce gesture. "That fool lecturer in chapel yesterday."

"But I don't understand."

"Where were your ears? She made it clear enough, heaven knows! Didn't you hear her ask what kind of investments we, who pride ourselves on playing the game fairly, really are to our mothers? How much interest they are getting on an investment of eighteen years of work and responsibility, to say nothing of strength and time and pleasure? What do you make of it, Evelyn? Straight out now! How much has your mother got out of you?"

"What of it? We didn't ask to be, did we?" Evelyn retorted.

Sue made a contemptuous gesture. "Neither did your mother nor hers before her. But you and I seem to have managed to get a fair amount of pleasure out of it so far. What are they getting out of it, your mother and mine?"

"But you know well enough that they love giving us things and all," Evelyn protested.

"Maybe they do; I suppose so—that's mothers. But it seems to be a mighty poor investment if that's all they get out of it—saving and working and making things for absentee daughters."

"Well, I don't know what we should be expected to do," Evelyn replied impatiently. "We've a right to good times while we're young."

"That's what I'm trying to work out; and every way I work it, it comes out the same. I've been counting up as nearly as I can remember the amount of time I've been home the past three years, and it comes to five weeks all told. And not five days of those five weeks have I really given to my mother! A pretty poor investment, I call myself. I've a right to good times, but that doesn't give me a right to profiteer over my mother."

"How perfectly absurd!" Evelyn cried.

"You aren't interested?" Sue asked crisply.

"I think it's all sentiment," Evelyn retorted.

"Out you go then. It's my fight, and I'm going to see it through. Be sure you latch the door."

After a puzzled moment Evelyn went out. She felt a sudden flare of anger at Sue for stirring things up and making people uncomfortable. It was a relief to see a group of laughing girls ahead of her, and she ran to overtake them.

HAUGHTY PITT AND INSOLENT BURKE

JOSEPH FARINGTON, a popular landscape painter during the reign of George III, is nearly forgotten; but his name has acquired new note in a new field through the recent publication in the Atlantic Monthly of extracts from his diary. He knew many of the distinguished men of his day and records, sometimes directly and again from their reports of one another, new and interesting bits of their carriage and conduct. Both the great statesmen Pitt and Burke figure in his gallery of portraits. A friend who knew Gainsborough well told Farington that he had once called at the artist's studio and noticed a half-length portrait.

He was struck with the haughty expression of the countenance and said so to Gainsborough, who expressed satisfaction at the remark, since it proved that he had hit the character. Gainsborough said it was a portrait of Mr. Pitt, who, he added, had come the day before to sit for his picture. On coming into the painting room, the statesman sat down in the sitters' chair and, taking out a book, began to read. Gainsborough, struck with the hauteur and disagreeable manner of Mr. Pitt, treated him in this way: he took up his palette and, seeming to be trifling among his colors, began carelessly to hum, "toll, loll de roll." On hearing him Mr. Pitt recollected himself, shut his book and sat in a proper manner.

Of Burke Lord Inchiquin reported that he was "insolent, impatient of contradiction,—will hear no argument,—proud and carried away by passion on every occasion. He is admired by everybody, but has no friends. He cannot be beloved on account of his impracticable temper. He was bigoted to his son to an astonishing degree; the son would contradict him without reply."

On a birthday of the boy Lord Inchiquin said to Burke, "May your son have health, and be half what his father is!"

Burke flew into a passion and said, "He is now more than his father can be!" "In his house," said Lord Inchiquin, "Burke is quiet if not contradicted in anything, but walks about it, heedless of every concern, knowing nothing of servants, expenses, and so forth. He is very careless of his papers—would drop on the floor a paper though it contained treason, as he would do a newspaper cover. Mrs. Burke watches over everything—collects his scraps, arranges and docketed every paper."

"My dear Jane," will Burke say, "I want such a paper." It is produced. As conversation proceeds he calls for others. She produces them. He asks sometimes for one that she cannot remember.

"Yes, yes, my dear Jane, no contradiction; it must be found!" She examines.

The picture is no doubt true so far as it goes; but, taken alone, it would be misleading, for in his home Burke was lovable and beloved; and "dear Jane" well knew, if a casual visitor did not, what allowances to make for the transient irritation of a man of highly nervous temperament. His brother too adored him; and so did the promising son to whom he was so "bigoted" and whose early death led directly to his own; for Burke, even dry and prosaic biographers record, died of a broken heart.

THE BISHOP'S FROZEN TROUSERS

THE anecdote of the absent-minded bishop and his trousers that appeared recently in these columns has reminded a reader of this amusing story, which a prominent bishop of the Episcopal Church once told her:

I have often, said the bishop, had occasion to rejoice in the thoughtfulness and foresight of my wife, but never was I so benefited by those virtues as on one momentous occasion when I was on a round of parochial visits. I started out with a small hand bag packed for me by my wife, whom I had warned not to burden me with much luggage, as my journey was to be short. The weather was cold, and one night I was given the chilly spare room in a country

rectory. When I awoke, shivering, I found that ice had formed in the water pitcher and broken it, and that the contents, pouring out, had saturated my trousers, which were on an adjacent chair. They had frozen stiff and were standing as straight as a pair of compasses! I sat up in bed and gazed at them aghast.

It was a moment of black misery. In two hours I was to attend a confirmation service. The trousers could not be dried and pressed and ready for me to wear in so short a time. What was I to do? I have been in some serious dilemmas, but never did I face a knottier problem than that. My host was a much smaller man than I; I could not possibly wear his garments.

Suddenly I thought of my wife: she was always my support in trouble. Could it be—it was a wild hope—that she had seen farther and clearer than I, that in spite of my admonition she had provided me with the clothing for this dire need?

I sprang from the bed and with trembling fingers opened the bag. She had not failed me! There were the extra trousers. I was saved!

AN AFFECTIONATE NATURE

AMONG the amusing stories that cluster about Sir Herbert Tree, the well-known English actor, is one that everyone in London has laughed over, but that is not so well known on this side of the water. Tree, it seems, gave a supper party in honor of Signor Grasso, the Italian actor. When the time came for Grasso to leave he began to emphasize his farewells by kissing everyone present on both cheeks. Tree, horrified, kept away from him, but was fated not to escape. After some difficulty a hansom cab was obtained to take Grasso home, and Tree was waiting to help him in, when without the slightest warning he flung both arms round Tree and kissed him fervently on both cheeks.

Tree's expression was a study. He succeeded in controlling his feelings, however, and asked his guest politely and frigidly where he lived, so that he might direct the cabman.

The question seemed to puzzle Grasso. As a matter of fact, it leaked out afterwards that he was staying in some shabby apartments in a shabby street in Soho with a Sicilian ice-cream merchant, a friend of his youth. After some hesitation Grasso replied, "If you please, ask him to take me Garrick Theatre."

Tree said to the cabman, "Take this gentleman to the Garrick Theatre."

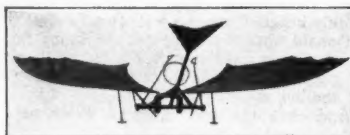
The cabman looked down scornfully and asked, "What does 'e want to go to the Garrick Theatre for at this time o' night?"

"I don't know," was Tree's quick rejoinder, "but I think he has forgotten to kiss the fireman."

A GREAT ARTIST'S AÉROPLANE

A REMARKABLE man was Leonardo da Vinci, artist, engineer and inventor. Though he is most noted for his painting, he was a many-sided genius, the greatest of his time, the greatest perhaps of all time. In 1490, two years before his countryman Columbus discovered America, Da Vinci had invented an aeroplane!

This photograph of a model of the machine shows that our modern aeronautical engineers



Leonardo da Vinci's flying machine. From a model at Washington, D. C.

have closely followed the early inventor's ideas of the theory of flight. He needed only the gasoline engine to make his machine fly.

Moreover, Da Vinci—so we learn from Mr. William Starkweather in the Mentor— invented a practical cannon with shrapnel to fire from it. But perhaps his greatest triumph was his invention of the submarine. His ideas of the use of it in warfare are interesting in the light of recent events.

"How by a certain machine," he wrote, "many may stay some time under water. And how and wherefore I do not describe my method of remaining under water and how long I can remain without eating. And I do not divulge them by reason of the evil nature of man, who would use them for assassination at the bottom of the sea by destroying ships and sinking them together with the men in them."

The words are from part of a large confused body of manuscript recently translated. Curiously enough, Da Vinci, who was left-handed, wrote from right to left.

WHEN A GLACIER LETS GO

THAT was a magnificent sight which Mr. Rex Beach once saw at the great Child's Glacier, Alaska. The icy river gnawing at the base of the glacier—so he tells us in his book Oh, Shoot!—causes the ice wall to crack and release huge blocks. To watch at close

quarters is dangerous, for the water is bound to rise when the ice falls. Mr. Beach took the risk, however, and thus describes what he saw:

A tremendous sound echoed behind us, and we whirled to see such a sight as I had but vaguely dreamed of. Directly opposite a towering column of ice had split away from the face of the glacier and was leaning slowly outward. Faster and faster it moved until with a terrific roar it plunged its length across the flood, flinging tons of water up, until it seemed to reach the level of the glacier top—only to fall back and add to the chaos beneath. The ice did not crumble or break, but fell proudly in a solid column and stretched a third of the distance across the bed of the river; its vast bulk dammed the stream.

It was much as if the Flatiron Building had leaned forth from its foundations and plunged to destruction. At the moment of impact there was an explosion, as if from a terrific charge of powder, that hurled missiles a hundred pounds in weight in long parabolas across the torrent and far into the brush beyond. Then out from beneath the mass rushed a gigantic wave, growing as it raced toward the shore where we had been only a few moments before.

We heard the sound of that tidal wave as it bore down upon the fifty-foot bluff that we had just passed. And we now knew what was the force that had changed a slope into a perpendicular wall up which no man could possibly climb. To be caught in such a trap would be to perish certainly. We saw the wave engulf the land, then surge over and beyond it up into the alder trees, which swayed and whipped one another frantically. It was terrific, appalling, unspeakably tremendous!

REYNARD, THE FOX

III

THE English fox at any rate understands traps almost as well as a man. The writer in the English Quarterly Review, from which we have been taking these anecdotes, gives a striking example of Reynard's understanding and contempt for them. In this instance instinct does not seem to account for his actions; the knowledge he has seems rather the result of observation and reasoning from the facts observed. But the reader can judge for himself; here is the anecdote:

A few seasons ago rabbits were playing such havoc with the young corn in some fields adjoining the moor that, though abhorring the whole principle of trapping, I was compelled to set some snares along the boundary fences and a few spring traps in certain spots where "wiring" was not practicable. One morning when going the round I found that foxes had forestalled me—a common enough occurrence, as every trapper knows. The dew, which lay like hoarfrost, recorded the unmistakable trail of two raiders. They had worked the entire line systematically, fox-like mauling everything that was caught, breaking the wire in some cases and in some removing the rabbit simply by gnawing off its head.

I went to the traps, never dreaming that my wily friends would have anything to do with such dangerous machinery. But I was mistaken. From round every unsprung trap the covering mould had been deftly scraped away, leaving the whole thing exposed to view except in each instance the plate, a significant detail that proved that the authors of the work knew exactly where the danger lay. A person would never have believed wild creatures capable of such effrontery, and I can quite understand anyone's hesitating to accept the story. Nevertheless, it is absolutely true.

A FORGOTTEN INVENTOR

ON the sixtieth anniversary of the fight between the Monitor and the Merrimac a tablet was unveiled in New York City in honor of John Ericsson, who designed the ironclad Monitor, and of Cornelius de Lamater, in whose shops the machinery for the vessel was constructed. Both men deserve the honor; but there is another man who helped to build the Monitor and whom, unfortunately, most people have forgotten. He is, says the Mentor, Theodore R. Timby, inventor of the revolving gun turret.

In 1841, when Timby was only nineteen years old, the sight of Castle William, the round brick fort on Governors Island in New York Harbor, suggested to him the idea of a revolving battery. He went to Washington and submitted an ivory model of his battery to Senator John C. Calhoun; but bureaucratic circles were not interested in the young man's invention. He did not patent it, therefore, but in 1843 he filed an application.

In the spring of 1861 the United States forces abandoned the Gosport Navy Yard in Virginia and set fire to several warships that they could not move. Among them was the Merrimac, which the Confederates raised later and reconstructed as an ironclad ram. Roused by reports of what the Confederates were doing, the United States Navy Department moved to obtain armored steam craft. John Griswold and John Winslow, builders, were chosen to construct an armored floating battery from plans that John Ericsson was to furnish. For the Monitor, as Ericsson named the vessel, Theodore Timby's idea of an armored revolving tower was used, and a royalty of five thousand dollars was paid him. He received also royalties for use of the principle on the Pacific and on the



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Dictator. Records show that in 1862 Timby was granted a patent on his device.

The Monitor was ready on February 25, 1862. The fight between her and the Merrimac that followed was epochal in naval warfare; it was the first action between ironclads and served to quiet the fears of the government that it would not be able to maintain the blockade of Southern ports. Though the Monitor had won, Timby criticized Ericsson for putting the pilot house on the forward deck where it was in the way of her own guns; above the turret was the place for it.

The career of the Monitor was short. After the fight with the Merrimac she took part in an unsuccessful attack upon Richmond in December, 1862. With her were the Naugatuck, the Port Royal and the Aristoook. While on the way to Beaufort, North Carolina, she foundered in stormy weather off Cape Hatteras.

Today craft like the Monitor are obsolete; but Timby's idea for a turret is embodied, in modified form, aboard every battleship that floats. Moreover, the plan of firing guns by electricity, for which he obtained a patent in 1862, is now in universal use. Beyond his royalties he appears to have received no further compensation from any source. Attempts to have the national government recognize him have been vain. In 1890 the legislature of New York unanimously passed a resolution asking Congress to grant the man national recognition. In 1902 Gen. B. F. Tracy wrote: "From my examination of the evidence produced by Dr. Timby I am satisfied that he has a just claim for compensation from our government." Some of the evidence was assembled in a pamphlet issued under the auspices of the Patriotic League of the Revolution. But in spite of all efforts Theodore Timby died a disappointed man—one more example, his friends say, of the ingratitude of republics.

THE MYSTERIOUS MOUNTAIN OF ZAIN

THE home of the bad demon who holds the book of human destinies has been discovered! His address is the mountain of Zain in Mongolia, but unless you are descended in the direct line from Jenghiz Khan, the great Mongolian emperor of the twelfth century, you will do well not to try to visit the demon, for halfway up you will probably suffocate and die. That at least is the advice the natives give, and so far as it goes it is good advice, for the slopes of the dread mountain are dotted with the bones of eagles, bighorn sheep and antelopes. In his book *Beasts, Men and Gods*, Mr. Ferdinand Ossendowski thus explains the legend:

In the western Caucasus I once saw another mountain, where wolves, eagles and wild goats perish and where men would likewise perish if they did not go on horseback through the zone. There the earth breathes out carbonic-acid gas through holes in the mountain side, killing all animal life. The gas clings to the earth in a layer about half a metre thick. Men on horseback pass above it, and the horses always hold their heads high and snuff and whinny in fear until they have crossed the dangerous zone. On top of the mountain of Zain the same phenomenon is to be found. The descendants of Jenghiz Khan are tall, almost gigantic men; their heads tower well above the layers of poisonous gas so that they are able to reach the top of the mysterious and terrible place. The presence of the gas is easy to explain; in the region lies the southern edge of the coal deposits, which are the source of carbonic-acid gas and swamp gases.

FAIR PLAY IN THE JUNGLE

THE Maoris of a few years ago loved to fight. Before the white man came to New Zealand the various tribes fought among themselves; after he came they united to fight the common enemy. But if the Maori warriors were bold and fearless on the field of battle, they could also be generous. For example, this incident, which occurred some fifty years ago and which Mr. William D. Boyce relates in his recent book *Australia and New Zealand*, shows that fair play may exist even in the jungle:

During a battle the white soldiers had ceased firing, and the Maori chief sent out a flag of truce to inquire why.

"We are out of powder for our guns," was the reply.

Obviously the game couldn't go on if one side had no powder; so the chief sent half of his own supply to the white men. He wanted to fight and win, but more than that he wanted to fight on even terms!

A POOR EXCUSE BUT A WITTY ONE

THE diminutive size and slow growth of a plantation of young trees that the British statesman Joseph Chamberlain had set out with much labor were the source of considerable amusement to him and his son Austen. One day, says the *Tatler*, Chamberlain gave a large party, and his son arrived late.

"You are most unpunctual," said the father reprovingly.

"Yes, I'm sorry," replied the culprit, at a loss for a moment for a suitable excuse. Then his face brightened, and a twinkle came into his eye. "Couldn't possibly get here before, father," he said. "I was lost in your new wood!"



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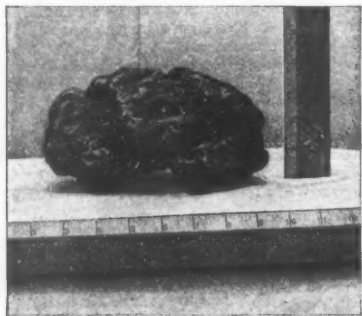
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◊ NATURE AND SCIENCE ◊

FINISHING SEALSKIN.—Natural sealskin is so heavy and salt-impregnated, so thick, greasy and coarse-haired, that no woman would care to wear the fur until it had been properly dressed. Popular Science Siftings says that it takes a number of operations to finish the raw skins. They are washed, dried, cleaned with oil-soaked sawdust and skived to one third of their original thickness. The skiving requires the most sensitive touch, as the knives must go deep enough to loosen the roots of the stiff hairs but must not touch the roots of the fur itself. When the bristles are loosened the skins are turned over and the bristles are rubbed out. The skins then go to the hot rooms, where the fur side is exposed to blasts of hot air. The last operation is the dyeing that gives the fur its characteristic color. Unlike ordinary things, sealskin is colored by being painted with coat after coat of dye, put on with a brush.

A TWELVE-POUND NUGGET.—A twelve-pound nugget of pure gold has been discovered in the Kilo state mines, in northeastern Congo. The nugget, which is worth a small fortune, measures four inches by seven inches, says the



Popular Science Monthly, and has the appearance of a small meteorite. Twenty years ago prospectors were assigned to various parts of the Congo. The man who had charge of the section that now includes the Kilo mines reported that there was no gold in his area, and asked for new territory. He was told to stick to his own zone, and later he found rich deposits.

A PLATYPUS IN NEW YORK.—The Australian platypus, one of the connecting links between animals and birds, does not thrive in confinement, and until recently no living specimen had ever been kept alive in captivity outside its native land; but last summer a collector succeeded in bringing one to the Zoological Park, New York City, where it was on view until the last of August.

SAVING MIGRATING BIRDS.—A Dutch ornithologist has hit upon the simple plan of having perches placed under the shutters to save migrating birds from being killed by dashing themselves against the lenses of the great lanterns of lighthouses, when attracted and confused by the glare. Perches for thirty thousand birds have been set up, and at Brandaris Light on the island of Terschelling twenty thousand birds have been seen perching on them.

THE HELICOPTER.—A recent American machine of the helicopter class for horizontal flight, says Popular Science, is the invention of Mr. Emile Berliner of Washington, District of Columbia. It resembles an aeroplane without wings. On each side of the fuselage is a fourteen-foot propeller that revolves in a horizontal plane, and near the tail is a three-foot propeller. All three are geared to a one-hundred-and-ten-horse-power motor. The machine has never risen over twelve feet from the ground, but at that height it has made a number of flights.

COLORADO GLACIERS.—That there are glaciers in the Colorado Rockies was for a long time unknown, says the Illustrated World, and not until the beginning of the present century was it established beyond doubt that they are still to be found in the state. Since the first one was discovered, when a tourist nearly lost his life in a crevasse, men of science have found and studied eleven other well-defined rivers of ice. The glaciers are not large, and the fastest-flowing one moves only thirty-five feet a year.

A NEW NATIONAL OIL RESERVE.—President Harding has set aside as an oil reserve an area of more than thirty-five thousand square miles in the northwestern part of Alaska. The executive order was made in order to insure a supply of fuel for the navy besides the Wyoming and California reserves. The new field lies between Icy Cape and Cape Barrow and is bounded by the Arctic Ocean on the north and west and the Endicott Range and the Colville

River on the south and east. It is for the most part flat grassy tundra, devoid of other vegetation, sparsely populated and entirely within the Arctic Circle. The reservation, according to the Interior Department, will be of the greatest importance to the navy. For years seepages of oil have been found along the seacoast. How much oil the reserve will produce is not known, since no government surveys have yet been made.

GOLD-BEARING WHISKERS.—Years ago, says the Scientific American, an Illinois barber traded his razor for a pick and a shovel and went to the Klondike. Having failed to find gold there, he started a barber shop the equipment of which included a cyanide tank. Clippings from the hair and beards of the miners were thrown into the tank for what they were worth. The barber asserts that he brought back half a million dollars' worth of gold with him.

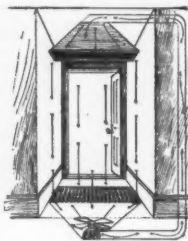
A HARVESTER FOR SUGAR CANE.—Like a giant corn harvester is the new machine recently built for harvesting sugar cane. Cutting the cane for the mill is a more difficult matter than cutting corn, but the machine, the Scientific American says, not only cuts the stalks but strips them of leaves and cuts off the tops. The motive power is a caterpillar tractor.

A TSETSE-FLY BARRIER.—Plans to ward off tsetse flies, the scourge of vast regions in Africa, by growing a plant that is also valuable as forage, are well under way, according to the London Times. The new fodder plant, which was discovered in Angola in 1921, is an oil-secreting grass so distasteful to the tsetse fly that it acts as a natural barrier against it. From October to May it furnishes excellent pasture, and cattle seem to prefer it to other forage. It has the further advantages of being very prolific and of spreading rapidly by self-seeding. If the experiment is successful, vast areas in Africa now almost useless to man will become available for settlement.

THE EXTINCTION OF THE WHALE.—According to Sir Sidney F. Harmer, the whale is fast nearing the point of extinction. The Atlantic and Greenland right whales have been slaughtered almost to the point of extermination, the sperm-whale industry has practically disappeared, and little remains now but whaling in the Antarctic. That region is virtually new to whalers as their invasion dates from 1905, but so destructive is modern whaling that the total catch in that area has exceeded ten thousand whales in a single year. Efforts should be made to restrict the slaughter, since the whale is a mammal that is too large for a game preserve or zoo.

AN UNEXPLORED VALLEY.—In spite of the activity of the Geological Survey there seems to be an unexplored valley in Siskiyou County, California, if a contributor to the Scientific American is not mistaken. The discoverer bases his assertion on a view of it that he got from a mountain peak through a high-powered binocular. Mountain walls tower above it on every side. To get into it ropes and scaling ladders will be necessary. The discoverer estimates the area of the valley to be about three hundred acres.

A DOORLESS DOORWAY.—A British publication describes an invention by which flies, rain, snow and cold air can be kept from entering an open doorway. A motor fan is installed under a grill in front of the door. The fan sucks the air down-ward from the upper part of the doorway and forces it through a duct to a hood at the top of the entrance, where it is discharged downward and completes the cycle. A quarter-horse-power motor driving a sixteen-inch fan provides a current of air that is unnoticed by persons



standing in the doorway, but that is most effective in keeping out insects and cold air. A shop in which the invention was tried reports that the door's standing open all the time so attracted people that trade increased by one third.

A GIGANTIC RANGE FINDER.—A range finder one hundred feet long has been constructed in England. The apparatus, says the Popular Science Monthly, will accurately determine the distance of any object up to twenty-two miles away. It will be used for coast defense.

WASHABLE PAPER.—The washable paper recently patented by a Japanese inventor should find many uses. According to Popular Mechanics, it can be crumpled and washed with soap and water much as clothes are washed, and it is so durable that it can be used for umbrella covers.



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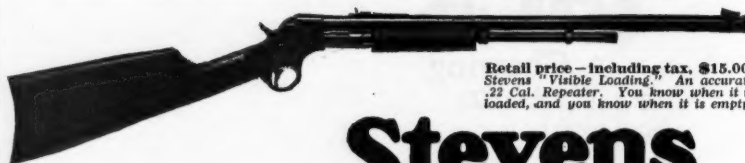
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THE PREVENTION OF DIPHTHERIA

ALMOST all newly born children are immune to diphtheria. The immunity is inherited from the mother, who like most adults is unaffected by the disease. But the immunity of the child differs from that of the adult in that it usually wears off during the first year of life; it is passive, like the immunity that follows injecting antitoxin. The immunity of the adult, on the other hand, is natural, or active, and is acquired by repeated slight exposures in which each time a small dose of the virus is absorbed—not enough to excite the disease, but enough to cause a reaction in the system and to bring about an antitoxin-forming habit.

Similarly in the manufacture of antitoxin a horse is injected repeatedly with minute but gradually increasing doses of the toxin of diphtheria, under the influence of which his system produces a large amount of antitoxin, and he becomes immune. The antitoxin is then removed from his blood and is used in curing or preventing diphtheria in children. As a matter of fact the child could be made immune by receiving repeated injections of very minute doses of the diphtheria poison, but so many injections would be required that the method would be impracticable save in exceptional cases. Fortunately, it has been discovered that by combining antitoxin with the toxin much larger doses of the toxin can be given with safety without wholly destroying its antitoxin-stimulating action, and thus as a rule instead of a long succession of injections only three are necessary.

The injections are made under the skin at intervals of a week; at the end of three weeks there is usually a complete immunity, which lasts for several years or for life. The injections are followed by more or less swelling and by local tenderness and a general feeling of discomfort that lasts for two or three days, but the unpleasant reaction is a small price to pay for freedom from such a disease as diphtheria.

RECORDS

"SOME books for Beth to read? I should say I could! What kind does she want? Short stories? All right. And tell her that as soon as she is ready for novels and essays I have some lovely things waiting for her. Tell her—oh, wait a minute! I'll tuck two or three little notes into the books. Your sister isn't to hunt for them, mind! Tell her to play fair!"

For some time the room was silent except for Tess's flying pencil. Beth's sister was down on the floor beside Tess's library—one bookcase of dearly loved treasures. Tess's friend Stella Marvin, who had arrived only a few minutes before, pretended that she was reading, but in reality she was watching Tess tear sheets from her pad, cover them with messages or sketches, fold them into cocked hats and tuck them into the books. No one but Tess would have thought of doing a thing like that!

"There!" Tess dropped her pencil and stretched her fingers. "That for that! Tell Beth I'll be in Friday, rain or shine, and that I'll be sending her messages by wireless in between and she's to guess what they are."

"You don't know how much good your messages do her," replied Beth's sister. "She's splendidly plucky, but she gets so tired in that cast. And there are months of it still ahead."

"I know," Tess replied gravely. "She is plucky! Tell her I keep a little flag above her picture. And I'm trying to keep step with her; if she wants more books before Friday telephone me. I'll get them over somehow."

It was all so dear and generous, so like Tess! And then as the door closed behind Beth's sister Tess did exactly what Stella knew she would do; she took a little blank book from the corner of one of the shelves and put down the names of the books that she had lent.

"If only you wouldn't do that!" cried Stella. Tess looked at her in astonishment. "Do what?" she asked.

"That—put down a record. It seems small, and you are so big and splendid and generous in every other way! But to keep records of everything that you lend—oh, somehow I hate it!"

Tess laughed. "You goose!" she retorted. "How in the world could I be sure of not sending somebody a book she's had before? How would you feel if you had wanted a new story and then found when it came that it was one that you had seen before? Besides, I'm so careless, it's the only way I can keep track of the books I borrow. You see, shame makes me do it. I couldn't keep a record of other people and not of myself."

"Tess," cried Stella abruptly, "did I ever send you the same book twice?"

Tess gave three laughing nods.

"Not three times!" Stella's voice was full of dismay.

"Three times," Stella threw up her hands. "I surrender," she said faintly.

THE UNOFFICIAL TRUCE

A CURIOUS truce it was that existed between Northern and Southern troops during the early days of July, 1864. The lines had become fairly well established before Petersburg, and the men on the left of the Union army took advantage of the lull in active fighting. The pickets—so we learn from the war letters of Col. Theodore Lyman—were not obliged to crouch close in their holes as they did farther to the right near Appomattox, but stood up and walked round while the enemy in like fashion strolled back and forth in some places not more than a few score feet away.

At one point, wrote Colonel Lyman, there is a brook between, and our pickets or theirs, when they want water, hold up a canteen and then coolly walk down to the neutral stream. All this truce is unofficial but sacred and is honorably observed. Also it is a matter of the rank and file. If an officer comes down, they get uneasy and often shout to him to go back or they will shoot. The other day General Crawford calmly went down, took out an opera glass and began staring. Very quickly a Reb was seen to write on a scrap of paper, roll it round a pebble and throw it over to our line. Thereon was writ this bit of advice: "Tell the fellow with the spyglass to clear out or we shall have to shoot him."

Near this same spot occurred a ludicrous thing, which is true, though no one would believe it if seen in a newspaper. A Confederate, either from greenness or by accident, fired his musket, whereupon our people dropped in their holes and were on the point of opening along the whole line when the Confederates waved their hands and cried: "Don't shoot; you'll see how we'll fix him!" Then they took the musket from the unfortunate Grayback, put a rail on his shoulder and made him walk up and down for a great while in front of their rifle pits!

If the Confederates get orders to open they call out, "Get into your holes, Yanks; we are ordered to fire"; and their first shots are aimed high as a sort of warning. They expected an attack on the Fourth of July—I suppose as a grand melodramatic stroke on Grant's part; but instead the Maryland Brigade brought up their band to the trenches and played Hail Columbia; upon which to the surprise of everyone a North Carolina regiment lying opposite rose as a man and gave three cheers!

AND THEREFORE—

TWO young surveyors working in a Louisiana swamp spied what they at first thought was a hoop snake; but at second glance they saw that two snakes, each with the other's tail in its mouth, were strenuously trying to swallow each other.

On reaching camp that night, they told their snake story to the cook, a gray-haired veteran of the swamps.

"That was a mighty curious sight, boys," said the old man, "a mighty curious sight. I reckon you wouldn't have believed it if you hadn't seen it, would you?"

"Probably not," agreed the boys.

"Well," said the old man, "I didn't see it."

WHAT THE LITTLE EELS MISSED

A PROFITEER bought a luxurious country home and set about making it even more luxurious. Money of course was no object. One of his plans was to have a fishpond containing eels.

"But you can't keep eels in a pond," suggested his neighbor, to whom he had confided his idea. "They have to go down to the sea every year, you know."

"Well, I won't have 'em, then!" exclaimed the profiteer. "I always takes the missus and the kids every year, but I ain't going to take no eels!"

A MAID'S IDEA OF A RUG

MRS. BLAKE was exceedingly fond and proud of the valuable Persian rug that lay upon her parlor floor. When she engaged a new maid she brought the girl into the room and, pointing to the rug, said:

"When you clean the parlor, Mary, be very careful of this beautiful rug. It is very old."

"I can see it is, ma'am," replied the maid sympathetically; "but I dare say we can make it last you the winter if we're careful."

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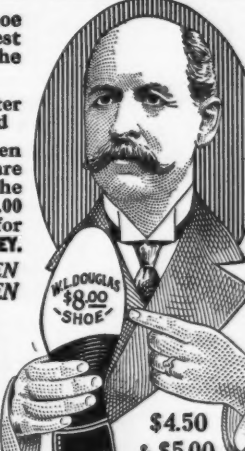
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Treat a healthy person like an invalid and he soon *becomes* an invalid. Every doctor knows this.

A normally healthy skin, treated as if it were sick, can be easily *made* sick.

Most women have normal complexions.

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Mrs. Jollyco is very proud of a pair of beautiful appliqued bedspreads brought to her from Europe by Mrs. Latham.

"Julia," she is saying, "those spreads must be washed with Ivory Soap. I shall trust you to make sure of that."

"I was just getting a fresh cake for the laundress, Mrs. Jollyco," says Julia, paragon of maids.

Julia knows. She wouldn't *think* of having such delicately colored things washed with any soap but Ivory. And the same is true of all the fine embroidered and lace pieces in the house. She knows Ivory is *safe*.

"Aw gee! Can't you quit throwin' 'at Ivory Soap around? Doggone it!"

We sympathize deeply with Bobby Jollyco, because (back where you can't see her) Pinky Parker, whose name is sweet to Bobby's ears, looks on at his humiliation.

But of course, Teewee *naturally* considers all Ivory Soap as his own particular property, to do with as he chooses, whether in or out of the tub; that's the way he's been brought up. So while he may be a source of occasional embarrassment to Brother Bobby, he is highly satisfactory to his mother.



"What!" exclaims President Jollyco.

"Yes, sir," says Miss Jump. "It's no wonder the girls can't keep their hands clean. I thought you'd like to know."

"Know! Of course I'd like to know! Call Mr. Jimpson *** Jimpson, hang it, sir, why do you discriminate against the girls in this office? Why don't you provide Ivory Soap in their rest-room? *** Well, please throw that stuff away and get some Ivory. If I can have it, so can *they* *** How's that, Miss Jump?"

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Jollyco. Our girls *all* like Ivory."